Southern
PARTISAN
Volume V Number 2 Spring 1985 $3.00

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BADGE OF LIBERTY
By R. T. Hines and S. P. Smith

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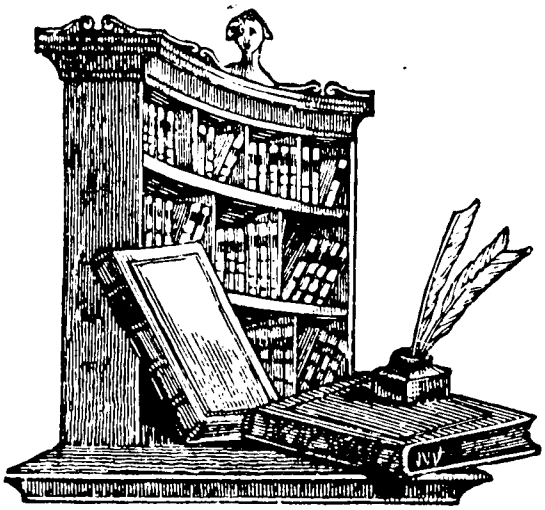
We are happy to announce that *Southern Horizons* (Thomas Dixon's long-suppressed autobiography) is now available in a limited edition issue.



Southern Horizons

Of the 1000 printed, fewer than 500 copies of this controversial book have been offered to the public. We have 300 of those. After they are sold, the volume will probably never be available again, except on rare book lists.

Dixon, who wrote *The Clansman* (*the book on which The Birth of a Nation* was based) was a writer, preacher, screen playwright, and director. A passionate defender of the South, his account of Reconstruction is as vivid a reminder of that systematic treachery as any ever written; and the story of his own trials and triumphs forms a fine counterpoint to the historical background of that age, in which Southerners fought to regain their balance in a world of Yankee hostility.

Among other things, Dixon tells of how he went to a Southern-born president, Woodrow Wilson, to get help in bringing *The Birth of a Nation* to the public and how the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court confided to him in a whisper that he himself had served in the Ku Klux Klan when it was an underground organization dedicated to driving the carpetbaggers from the region.

In addition to these unique accounts, Dixon tells us much about the every day life and sensibilities of Southerners in another era and of the infant film industry, when he worked with pioneer D.W. Griffiths, another Southerner, to invent a new art form.

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Southern
PARTISAN
VOLUME V NUMBER 2 SPRING 1985

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FEATURES

The Copperheads: A Badge of Liberty/The Copperheads, Northerners who sympathized with the Confederate cause, were defenders of traditional American ideals, and their history is too often ignored in accounts of the War. Stephen Page Smith and Richard Hines make partial amends for this neglect in this first of a two-part series. **34**

Where We Stand on the Flag/This symposium on the issue of flying the Confederate flag says all that needs to be said on the subject. Clip it out and send it to your state senator. **14**

Who Controls Public Schools?/Warren Leamon tells us how to solve the problem of public education without liquidating the entire membership of the NEA. **18**

Partisan Conversation/Mel Bradford, head still bloody from his latest skirmish with the federal bureaucracy, talks about his new book and other scandalous matters. **37**

Beyond the Call of Duty/Francis W. Springer gives us a moving eulogy of the blacks who served the Confederacy, both at home and on the front lines. **25**

Liverpool's Lost Links/Ann Grimshaw tells about the Confederacy and the English Connection. **30**

Poe/Harry Poe passes along some interesting facts about one of his kinsman, the late Edgar Allen. **43**

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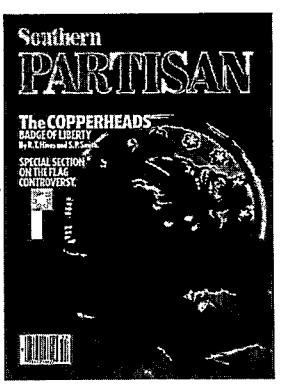

Cover illustration by Randall McKissick

PARTISAN LETTERS

State Of The Art
Gentlemen:

I have a question...On the map of *CSA Today* (Winter 1985 Issue), your *map* is *not* of the Confederate States of America! You do not include Missouri, which *wanted* very much to be in the Confederacy, and yet you include West Virginia which *did not* want to be a part of CSA. There are thirteen stars on the Battle Flag, and I'm sorry but Maryland and West Virginia were not counted. Do you have a New Yorker in the art department?

Montee Sneed
Columbia, Tennessee

Editor's Note: We are reluctant to recognize the arbitrary decision that carved up the Old Dominion. Missouri, of course, should have been included. We have lashed our artist thirteen times. Maryland too was Confederate in sympathy. Her formal exclusion from the CSA had to do with "the despot's heel."

The International Set
Gentlemen:

Thanks to my dear friend who has given me a subscription to *The Southern Partisan,* I have become one of your foreign subscribers. Here's my comment:

Congratulations to one of the finest magazines I have ever read. As a young German conservative who lived in Texas for three years *The Southern Partisan* gives me many hours of enjoyful reading. Every page reminds me of the good old days in the South. The information you give me is very helpful telling people in my country more about the little difference; after all, not all Americans are Yankees!

Let me quote the leading conservative politician of West Germany, the Prime Minister of Bavaria, Dr. Franz Josef Strauss. On a visit to Texas in 1980 he said, "We Southerners must stick together!"

Marcus Beckmann
Bremervoerde, West Germany

Ja, voll, y'all!

The Southern Way
Gentlemen:

The Southern Partisan has done a great service by publishing *Notes on a Conservative Political Economy* by William Campbell and Andrew Foshee (Winter 1985 Issue). In my view, the "third way" economic thinking they describe is the only sensible path for America, and indeed, the world to follow.

It is fitting that such an article appeared in *The Southern Partisan,* for it seems clear that those who have inherited the Southern tradition have a far deeper understanding of the arguments of the "third way" than the finance capitalists and socialists of the North--or even my friends the libertarians.

John McClaughry
Institute for Liberty and Community
Concord, Vermont

Reagan Snubbed
Gentlemen:

I read page 13 (Winter 1985 Issue), "Lee Snubbed" and surely Mr. Reagan must have known about this. Mr. Reagan, then, became the first president to ignore Lee. From now on, I'll ignore him.

I am glad that the *Partisan* published the article, as our newspapers never did.

Bruce Wilferth
Rochester, New York

A Solemn Remonstrance
Gentlemen:

Stop! Before you mail Ross Perot his wings and halo (*CSA Today,* Winter 1985 Issue), I beg you to think through your item.

Would you really feel secure knowing your child was spending more time in schools owned and run by the State? Is it not conceivable that the best thing to happen to some students is to NOT go to a State institution?

Perot may have seen part of the problem. But he certainly missed expressing the solution. After all, he *was* working for the government--how objective could he be?

I can give pretty good odds that someone, somewhere took the Perot report to heart: things are SO bad in Texas education that it would be in the national interest to let the Federal Government take control. Apparently the local Texas school boards cannot do the job required and the State is going to need some clout to set uniform standards.

As always, the solution is not more government.

Herbert Gehring
El Paso, Texas

Editor's Note: You're right! See Warren Leamon's current article for the solution to all our educational problems.

Partisan Defense
Gentlemen:

I am disappointed with the less than incisive opinion expressed by Jennifer Davis of Auburn, Alabama (Letters, Winter 1985 Issue).

As one growing up in an Appalachian enclave in a northern industrial city (Cleveland), I had an opportunity to observe first hand, (surrounded by an "alien" culture) the differences between the two sections' cultures and mindsets.

The point I am laboring to make is that, however much interest we Southerners might have in a magazine about the Confederacy, the far more important task is the elucidation of the *continuing* differences in culture, mindset and principle between the South and the rest of the nation. This elucidation is not simply an "application of nineteenth-century attitudes and arguments to contemporary issues" (were there enough space to discuss the implication of that statement).

If indeed Southerners feel that Southern thought is relevant to "modern" issues, then we all should find admirable the effort of *The Southern Partisan* to declare Southern thinking about them. The embarrassment (indeed, dishonor) would be to remain silent.

Please continue to "Yell It Across, Boys!"

B.D. Childress
Lexington, Kentucky

Battle Over The Flag
Gentlemen:

I am sure that you are aware that we have been in the midst of a flag flack here in Alabama concerning the 20 x 40 foot Confederate battle flag displayed by the Kappa Alpha Fraternity at Auburn University.

As I am sure you also know, the

real trouble maker in this situation was Alvin Holmes, black legislator from Montgomery...a fellow so left field, he would make Jesse Jackson look conservative.

We are always a little amazed at how quickly the folk who ought to be on our side knuckle under. The new President of Auburn University, Dr. James Martin, a South Alabama man, seems to have caved in mighty quickly.

I thought that you might be interested in all this. We certainly appreciate your publication.

Charles E. Baker
Birmingham, Alabama

Editor's Note: Yes, we are very interested in all this. See our "Scalawag Award," this issue (page 12) and our special spread on our flags beginning on page 14.

Roundtable on Ryan

Gentlemen:

Why, oh why, are Civil War "scholars" so gullible? *The Southern Partisan,* like *Civil War Times Illustrated,* has accepted apocrypha about Father Abram Ryan, the poet of the Confederacy, as fact.

For example, Mr. William Vatavuk says (Winter 1985 Issue) that Father Ryan was born in 1938 and was ordained to the Catholic priesthood in 1856. Thus, he would have been eighteen years old when he received the Sacrament of Holy Orders. The fact is Abram Ryan received a special dispensation from the Vatican, allowing him to be ordained in 1961 at age 23, one year before the age specified in Canon Law.

Then Mr. Vatavuk says Father Ryan taught at Cape Girardeau Seminary in Missouri. But Cape Girardeau did not become a Catholic diocese until twenty-five years ago--in 1960.

Furthermore, Father Ryan did not enlist in the Confederate army on September 1, 1861, as Mr. Vatavuk reports. At that time he was still the only Southerner on the faculty of Niagara University in Niagara, New York. He resigned from that teaching post in December 1861, spent Christmas with his widowed mother, his sister and younger brother at the family ranch south of St. Louis, whence he and David Ryan set off together in late January 1862 and signed up for Confederate service on February 2, 1862, at a secret recruiting station in the Planter's Hotel in Cape Girardeau.

Mr. Vatavuk says Father Ryan "may have also served in the Confederate underground up North," whereas he did, in fact, so serve. Without telling his friend, Bishop James Duggan of Chicago, about his secret plans, Father Ryan acceded to a request from Jefferson Davis, left his army chaplaincy and early in 1863 negotiated appointment as pastor of St. Mary's parish in Peoria, Illinois. From there, he worked with the Knights of the Golden Circle in efforts to defeat Abraham Lincoln in the 1864 election. He wielded tremendous influence throughout the north by resuming anonymous editorializing for James McMaster's *Freeman's Journal,* published in New York. Before the war, while still a seminarian and a young priest, Father Ryan had created consternation throughout the North as the South's most articulate apologist. He writes regular editorials for *Freeman's Journal* and these were widely quoted by Northern as well as Southern newspapers.

William W. O'Donnell, K.S.G.
Past President, Civil War Roundtable
Little Rock, Arkansas

Mr. Vatavuk Replies:

*Mr. O'Donnell questions several biographical facts about Father Ryan --and he's not alone in his skepticism. In fact, on page 44 of the article, I wrote, "Unfortunately biographical details are sketchy and often disputed." While researching this article, I found conflicting data on several points-- Ryan's birth date, birthplace, and his Confederate army service, for example. But rather than respond directly to his questions, I'll list the sources I used: (1)*Dictionary of American Biography *(1938 edition); (2) John Moran's "Memoir of Father Ryan," in Father Ryan's* Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous *(P.J. Kennedy: 1904 edition); (3) Sidney J. Romero's* Religion in the Rebel Ranks *(University Press of America: 1983); and (4) H.L. Lovett's "Father Ryan of the South" (*Commonweal, *September 18, 1929). Further, personnel at the Father Abram J Ryan High School (Nashville, founded 1929) gave me additional tidbits. Wherever there were anomalies, I used the more recent sources--mainly the* Dictionary of American Biography. *Nowhere did I claim infallibility for this information.*

Complex Guilt

Gentlemen:

In response to Forrest McDonald's article *Why Yankees Won't (And Can't) Leave The South Alone* (Winter 1985 Issue), living up here in the North I see a lot of what Forrest McDonald writes about....

I myself feel very guilty about how the North raped the South during the Civil War.

As for the Yankee hating himself, that is too general for me. I believe a lot of them don't know themselves and are too money conscious.

As for the Yankee hating the South, I feel that bridge is being crossed. I see the two cultures [beginning to] understand each other....

And finally, as for the Yankee hating his heritage, all I can say to that is, what heritage?

Roy Bruno, Jr.
Rochester, New York

Editor's Note: Thank you for your reaction. But remember that not all men and women of Northern birth are "Yankees" in the sense Mr. McDonald used the word. See our story on the Copperheads in this issue.

A Homecoming

Gentlemen:

Please accept my appreciation for the interview and conversation in the Winter 1985 issue. As an addendum to our discussion I want to give *The Southern Partisan* first the following statement of my intentions.

After four years of service to my President and country and with prospects for Southern conservatives slim in today's State Department, I am choosing to carry on the struggle for another platform. Lacking the burning fire to ambitiously seek power, prestige and money in Washington, I prefer to return home to North Carolina this summer. At Campbell University with one of the South's great conservative Christian educators, Dr. Norman A. Wiggins (President of North Carolina Baptists and Campbell University), I will attempt to instruct our college youth in the art of government and diplomacy with traditional values and religious beliefs uncompromised. Esse Quam Videri. And I will speak out even more loudly and write about the State Department's domination by elitist liberals, and naivete in dealing with communist governments. And I will have the additional good fortune of living in my beloved South which has countless advantages money cannot buy.

Best wishes to you all at the *Partisan.* Keep up the great work.

David B. Funderburk
U.S. Ambassador to Romania
American Embassy
Bucharest, Romania

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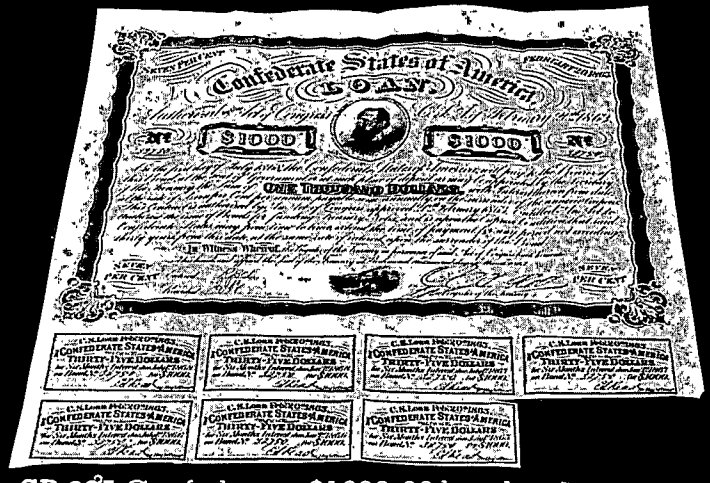

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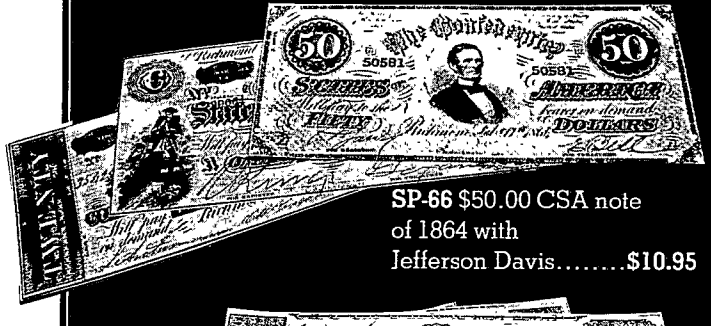

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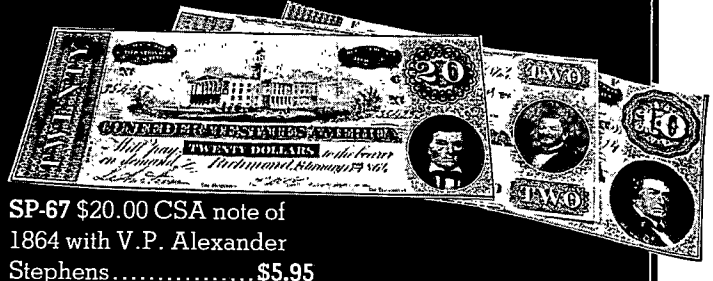

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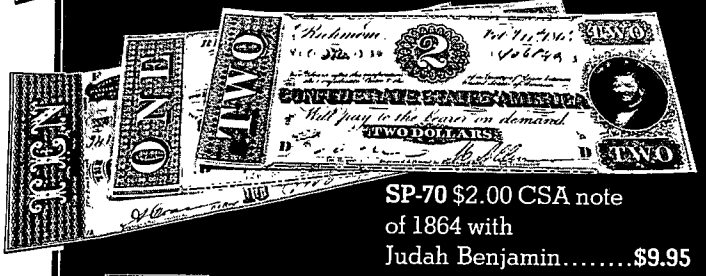

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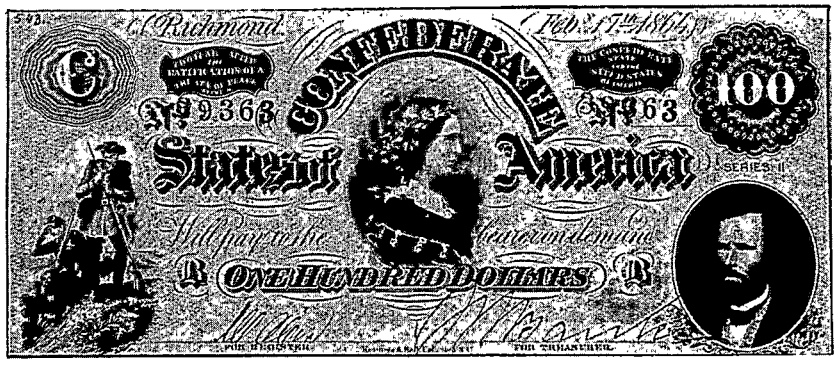
PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

Save That Confederate Money, Boys...



A few days ago (a few weeks ago, by the time you read this) a nice little article appeared in a South Carolina newspaper announcing that the South Carolina State Museum had acquired the original pair of printers plates used to mint a series of Confederate $100 bills bearing the likeness of the beautiful Lucy Holcombe Pickens.

Now, that little story is worth pausing over for a couple of good reasons:

First, the plate, so-far-as-we-know, is unique. The museum curator called it "the only one of its kind we've been able to locate."

During the End of the World Part I, vandals sacked mints all over the South. Metal money plates and everything else of value was either destroyed or lifted for souvenirs. This relic, the Lucy Pickens plate, was taken (the story goes) by a soldier from Michigan and then lost for over a century until it turned up at an estate sale twenty years ago.

But there's another reason to pause. Lucy Holcombe Pickens, whose likeness was engraved on a series of Confederate $1 bills as well as the $100's, was an extraordinary woman.

To be sure, the Union government has never adorned folding money with the image of a woman. Indeed South Carolina *State* newspaper writer Gene Able speculates that the Lucy Bill probably represented the first time ever that currency was engraved "with the likeness of a woman who was not royalty."

Why, then, was Lucy Pickens the subject of such attention? In part, she was honored for her great beauty. Mr. Able, in researching his story, ran across an account of a visit Miss Lucy paid to the Mississippi state legislature. So taken were the members by the lady's charm that a majority of the legislators "escorted her to the train station when she departed...Some stayed with her as far as the state line."

At the age of 26, Lucy Holcombe married a South Carolina politician named Francis Pickens and encouraged him to accept a diplomatic assignment from President Buchanan. Pickens became Ambassador to Russia, and he and his bride made a spendid appearance at Czar Alexander's court in St. Petersburg. According to Mr. Able's account, the Czar and Czarina Maria became godparents to the Ambassador's only child.

But war at home forced the couple's return. Pickens, an eloquent secessionist, was elected governor of South Carolina in 1860. His bride sold her fine jewelry to outfit a regiment of South Carolina troops, the Holcombe Legion, named in her honor. Soon after his election, on April 12, 1861, Governor Pickens earned his major niche in history: He gave the order to Beauregard to fire on Fort Sumter, tricked by Lincoln into firing the first shot.

Governor Pickens died in 1869, deeply in debt. But for three more decades his widow managed to save the estate "Edgewood" in Edgefield, South Carolina and to assist her brother in managing two other plantations. The South Carolina *State* newspaper tells us that she also became "a leader in the campaign to preserve Mount Vernon and was a regent in the Daughters of the Confederacy."

Quite a story, is it not? You'd think that the modern movement to celebrate and document the neglected role of women in world history would have gotten around to Lucy Pickens, wouldn't you?

But no standard encyclopedia mentions her name.

Of course, such neglect is nothing new to Southern students of history books written by sore winners. Better by far to be ignored than to be savaged. But we have to guard the tablets of our own truth.

So it's good to know that Lucy Pickens has come home. And she's in mint shape. So keep those presses on stand by, boys. And wait for our signal.

CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

In a speech before the graduating class of Talladega College, Senator Gary Hart of Colorado gave Southerners another look at the new ideas he has proposed for the Democratic Party and for the nation. His new approach calls for programs to help black businessmen and women, increased federal aid to black colleges, enormous public works programs to provide jobs for the unemployed and massive federal funding to improve schools in inner cities.

In addition to these innovative schemes, we expect Senator Hart to propose establishment of a federal commission to expedite the invention of the wheel.

ARKANSAS

Arkadelphia, like virtually all American towns, has seen its share of troubled teenagers. Unlike most, however, Arkadelphia did something about it. Instead of a policy of nervous containment, the school board actually launched a drive to abolish drug and alcohol use in school. When students had a vague look in their eyes or stumbled into class with heads lolling to one side, they were summarily sent in for a battery of tests, which included breath, urine, blood and polygraph. Anyone found under the influence was subject to expulsion.

And students were indeed expelled, a fact that probably shocked a good many of them out of their hazy self-indulgence. A few months after the tough policies were initiated, the community experienced a renaissance. Parents were delighted; teachers were relieved; students were clear-eyed and hard at work. As a matter of fact, a majority of teenagers polled indicated support for the new policies.

So, it appeared as if Arkadelphia might prove a model for the rest of the nation. Perhaps the nightmare of teenage drug abuse was about to be dispelled. But no, some people were upset. The American Civil Liberties Union, for example. As soon as the word was out, they sent in investigators who began waving their arms in front of TV cameras. They activated their legal departments, hauled the school board into court, and as we go to press the issue is still in doubt.

GEORGIA

The University of Georgia Press has just published an important collection of political essays by M.E. Bradford (see *Partisan* Interview), the latest in its lengthy series of books dealing with the region. Both the Press and *The Georgia Review* have always given Southerners a forum to express their ideas, whether supportive or critical of the region; and twenty-five years ago when it was not fashionable to do so the University of Georgia hired professors from the region who made a life's study of their native culture. Now, when universities such as Princeton have courses in Southern literature and history, the University of Georgia is predictably a leader in the field.

We hope our readers will buy Bradford's book and also consider subscribing to *The Georgia Review* which is one of the region's finest scholarly quarterlies.

FLORIDA

As we go to press, the Sunshine State is still plagued with fires, which have destroyed so much land we don't even like to print the figures. Outsiders will say, "No matter. Much of it is in the Everglades." But this section of the state in particular is a precious natural resource, unique in its ecology. Sure, everyone is glad that more homes weren't destroyed; but houses can be replaced. Once destroyed the Everglades cannot restore themselves. They have been eons in the making — as their name implies; and as yet they have resisted the promethean impulse of promoters to turn the whole of South Florida into pink condominiums. In this respect they may be the only Southern thing within a hundred miles of Dade County.

KENTUCKY

Governor Martha Collins is proposing a $289 million education package — her version of the same bill that has been submitted by governors all over the region and dutifully passed by legislature after legislature. After all, how can you be against educating kids?

But Kentuckians might heed this warning before they rush into a multi-million-dollar program: it just ain't working in other states. What is wrong with our schools can't be cured by money anymore than the common cold can be cured by Vicks Vaporub. The enormous sums just soothe a few folks while the fever rages on.

Americans have chosen to value radical equality and freedom more than education — and now they seem unwilling to live with that choice. So they are spending truckloads of money in hopes that somehow they can have it every way at the same time. Perhaps Kentuckians will show better sense than the rest of us have, but there's not much likelihood, given the fact that all the other governors on the block have a new, expensive school program.

LOUISIANA

We have promised ourselves that we will not mention Governor Edwin Edwards in this issue, despite the fact that he's under multiple indictment and may be on his way to one of those minimum security prisons where they play golf and tennis all day long.

Meanwhile Louisiana roads are becoming so crowded with nutrias (large rodent-like animals) that when the weather's right you can hardly drive from one town to the next without killing several hundred. One Louisianian tells us that he ran into a hoard of nutrias somewhere around Shreveport, hit his brakes, and skidded on dead carcasses all the way to Baton Rouge.

The nutrias were brought from South America by the federal government in order to eliminate some pest that was annoying people (a pest whose name they have now forgotten). This was the same federal government, incidentally, that hauled in kudzu to stop erosion in the Southeast. At present, opinion is divided as to which of these two imports will destroy the region first.

MISSISSIPPI

We still hear rumors that 44-year-old veteran Jamie Whitten of Mississippi's First Congressional District is vulnerable and that the Republicans will field their strongest candidate to date in an effort to upset The Old Poss'm. Whitten, who spends very little time in Mississippi these days, has voted increasingly with the House leadership and against the wishes of his own constituency, particularly in such crucial areas as farming and national defense.

Denied a chairmanship for decades, Whitten now heads the powerful Appropriations Committee and is considered by supporters of the President to be a formidable enemy of economic growth and national defense. In addition, he has consistently supported farm legislation which has favored the huge corporate argibusinesses of the Midwest at the expense of the small farmers of his own region.

The last time Whitten ran, he defeated his opponent without difficulty. But in 1984, his district gave Reagan a landslide, despite the fact that Carter won handily in 1980. So if Tip O'Neill retires in 1986 (as he has promised to do) the 900-pound Whitten will be the largest target in the sights of Republican guns, and at least one candidate is polling the district right now and discovering to his delight that many Mississippians don't give a Whit about their incumbent Congressman.

MISSOURI

Missouri is the latest state to establish a lottery in order to solve current financial problems. O.K., so maybe a lottery is no more than a glorified Bingo game, the kind of relatively innocent pastime that will cost most folks very little and at the same time keep alive their insatiable dreams to be as rich and famous as Joan Collins.

But somehow we're afraid that more is at stake. Twenty-five years ago no Southern state would have seriously considered such a move, which would have violated the religious sensibilities of its citizenry. Now Blue Laws are falling right and left, and proposals for parimutuel betting are springing up all over the region. No, it's not the end of the world, and Missouri is not Sodom, or even Gomorrah.

But why is it that some of us feel we may be reading "mene, mene" on the capitol wall at Jefferson City?

NORTH CAROLINA

When Sam Ervin died at the age of 88 a Southern tradition may have died with him. Ervin was the last of the "professional countryboys," a generation of Southern lawyer-politicians who behaved in public as if they'd just stepped out of the barn with a bucket of warm milk in one hand and a lawbook in the other. Indeed, from the late 19th century until the end of World War II most of the men who were elected to public office in the South either grew up in small towns or else pretended they had; and no matter how long they practiced law in big cities like Atlanta or Nashville or Charlotte, they cultivated a down-home drawl and laced their summations and stump speeches with colloquialisms. Some even made deliberate grammatical errors, to the shame of the women in their family. Of such was Sam Ervin of North Carolina.

Ervin was actually born in a small town, Morganton, North Carolina, but he was by no means the "old country lawyer" he claimed to be during the Watergate hearings. Most country lawyers, for example, don't get their degrees from the Harvard Law School, nor do they live for twenty years in downtown Washington, that most beautiful and corrupt of all American cities. No, Sam Ervin was one of the shrewdest, slickest men in the U.S. Senate, and it was for this reason that Mike Mansfield appointed him to chair the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities, known popularly as the Watergate Committee.

In this role Ervin became a latter-day folk hero, in part because he expressed an indignation that media spokesmen had called for in vain from the American people. Once the Old Country Lawyer had said that Watergate was the greatest tragedy in the nation's history, ordinary citizens began to feel that perhaps the president had indeed committed sins grave enough to justify his removal. Without the strong words of Sam Ervin the president would have still been driven from office. But the country wouldn't have felt as good about itself afterwards. With the Old Country Lawyer as our spokesman, we could believe after Nixon's resignation that we had experienced a great cleansing of the soul rather than an exercise of self-righteousness. Had Ervin not specifically told us otherwise we might have always suspected that Nixon's dirty little lies were nothing new or shocking in a city where votes are bought and sold routinely and where every reporter knows three or four secrets more scandalous than the names of men involved in a pointless political burglary. But Ervin told us that Richard Nixon was desperately wicked, and because Ervin was a countryboy we believed him.

If you think all this sounds too cynical then think again. For even if Sam Ervin wasn't as shocked by Watergate as he insisted, he still knew that he should have been. The genuine Old Country Lawyer would have been scandalized by such conduct and so would the good country folks who hired him to make out their wills and occasionally to defend them in court. Such people existed for Sam Ervin, if not among his circle of friends in contemporary Washington at least in his memory and imagination. And it was in their behalf that he expressed his eloquent outrage.

In death he is remembered fondly by everyone, in part because he was, at one time or another, on everyone's side. But he is remembered more properly for the image of virtue that for a time he gave to a troubled nation. Few men, as a matter of fact, have given more.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charlestonians have finally had enough of the movie industry and are taking steps to insure that their city is not again invaded by aliens with harsh accents and bad manners. Recently an army of actors and technicians rumbled down to The Battery, clamored out of their vehicles, and began dumping sand on streets that have been bricked or cobbled for the better part of three hundred years. (A question of authenticity.) When local residents complained, their elected officials looked the other way. Mayor Joe Riley, a real estate man who believes that condominiums and high-rises are the Will of God, could only point out that the film brought a million dollars into the local community.

Now a citizens committee has offered a series of recommendations to the City Council and they have been dutifully approved. (Henceforth, for example, movie crews will only be allowed to film between 7 A.M. and 10 P.M., a regulation which indicates the abuse Charlestonians have previously suffered.)

As a postscript we can only repeat a question we've asked before: Why do states like South Carolina grovel before an industry which invariably treats them with undisguised contempt? Or to put it another way, are Southerners obliged to block off their streets and rearrange their lives just so a bunch of vulgar Californians can use the local scenery to authenticate their slander of the region? Maybe Charlestonians will raise these questions the next time their committee meets.

TENNESSEE

Jake Butcher, the handsome, silver-haired banker from East Tennessee, has recently pleaded guilty in a Knoxville court to 20 counts of bank fraud, income tax evasion, and related charges. Butcher, who promoted the Knoxville World's Fair, will be sentenced to a minimum of twenty years in prison, which means that he will serve at least six years and eight months.

Several years ago Butcher made an attractive candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket; but today he is a tragic figure in the Grecian mold, a man of extraordinary talent who has been brought to ruin as the result of a grievous character flaw — a kind of ambition that has gripped the entire region taken in by the myth of prosperity in the New South.

Billy Sol Estes, Bobby Baker, and now Jake Butcher: three exponents of the New South Creed, which is a sophisticated update of the old rural cry: "Root, hog, or die." If these tragedies don't give us pause, we're all likely to end up as rich as Dives — and squatting on the same bed of coals.

TEXAS

Like North Carolina, the Lone Star State is undergoing a political transformation largely ignored by the national press.

While Texas was predominantly Democratic prior to the last election, now party loyalties are tenuous, the future uncertain.

As an illustration of this unsettled state, well-known Democrat Kent Hance has switched to the Republican Party and is now working the state, persuading other politicians to make the move. In 1984, Hance, a candidate for the U.S. Senate, survived the first Democratic primary only to be defeated narrowly by Mondale-Democrat Lloyd Doggett, who in turn lost by a landslide to Republican Phil Gramm.

Any courthouse who thinks about these results can see the problem for old-fashioned Southern Democrats: if you run in your own primary you will probably get whipped; if you switch to the Republican Party you've got a helluva shot at the Mondale-Democrat who has easily secured his party's nomination. Hence Hance.

VIRGINIA

James McClellan, former recipient of our *Partisan* Award and currently head of the Center for Judicial Studies (publishers of *Benchmark* magazine) has announced as a candidate for the Virginia House of delegates, 59th District. It is historic territory he hopes to represent, since the district includes Appomattox, Buckingham, Prince Edward and Cumberland counties.

His Democratic opponent will be Watkins Abbitt, Jr., who has an old Virginia name but little else to appeal to traditionalists. He advocates abortion, ERA, and opposes tuition tax credits — all stances that make McClellan a possible winner in a perennially Democratic area.

Though he has never held political office, McClellan is almost overqualified for the job. He not only has a law degree but also a Ph.D. in political philosophy, has served as council for the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee, and is the moving forced behind the Center for Judicial Studies.

In recent years the Old Dominion State has been overrun by alien bureaucrats, who have given the House of Delegates a cast that the Founding Fathers would not have recognized. McClellan hopes to change all that, with the help of a number of like-minded candidates riding the wave of a new traditionalism that is sweeping the country. ☆

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

Coca-Cola Hits The Spot

Dear Pepsi Cola:

For years I've admired the way you've outmaneuvered the people at Coca Cola. You beat them to Nutrasweet, caffeine-free drinks; and though I haven't seen a Pepsi Light recently, I still think it's the best soft drink on the market.

Until recently I've also admired your commercials, genuine pioneer efforts in the industry. I can still sing your 1930's jingle, which, I understand, was the first singing commercial--a dubious contribution to American culture, but a palpable one:

Pepsi Cola hits the spot.
Twelve full ounces. That's a lot.
Twice as much for a nickel too.
Pepsi Cola is the drink for you.
Nickel. Nickel. Nickel. Nickel.
Trickle. Trickle. Trickle. Trickle.
Nickel. Nickel. Nickel. Nickel.
La dee ahhhhh.

I suppose that up until recently I've been one of your larger users. Even during the saccharin years I've regularly drunk three or four Diet Pepsis a day, in more recent times substituting Diet Pepsi Free after the first two. At 45¢ apiece that amounts to between $50 and $60 a month--a lot of money to waste on something that is neither nutritious nor medicinal.

The trouble is, I like them--have *made* myself like them, ever since I found out I was allergic to sugar. Coke? Well, it's just not as good. Too sweet. Even Diet Cokes are cloying when you get down to the last few swallows. But nonetheless --I'm drinking Coca Cola these days.

The reason, gentlemen, is your Geraldine Ferraro commercial--and before you break into an indulgent grin, let me assure you that it's no laughing matter. First, I haven't stopped drinking Pepsi because Ms. Ferraro is a Democrat or because she is too "liberal," though I can understand why supporters of Senator D'Amato might be unhappy, since it is rumored that she plans to run against him next year and can certainly use the free exposure your ads have given her.

In fact, it isn't Ms. Ferraro herself that I object to so much as the words your admen have put into her mouth. Specifically, it's her remark at the very end of the commercial, that final little homey quip about the "choice" to be a mother that disturbs me enough to make me switch soft drinks--and switch forever.

We all know the controversy that has swirled around her pro-abortion votes in Congress, and we all know the phrase that she and others like her have used in order to justify such a vote: she says she's in favor of "freedom of choice" in such matters though personally she is opposed to abortion. So now we see her hawking Pepsi and "freedom of choice," on our television screens and she's been paid half a million dollars to do it.

And don't even bother to tell me that your admen never thought of the connection between the Pepsi slogan and the abortion question. Of *course* they did. Ad agencies kick slogans like that around for weeks, months, turning them inside out, testing them in surveys, analyzing them as meticulously as a literary critic picks apart a line from *The Waste Land.* The idea that your people didn't know *precisely* what they were doing is too ridiculous to consider.

You were shooting for the cool crowd, the Young Upwardly Mobile Hedonists, the 25-35 year-old college grads with discretionary income and a horror of responsibility. You wanted to send them the right message, to ring their bell--and what better way than to put Ms. Ferraro on to talk about Freedom of Choice in soft drinks--and just at the fade-out to zing them with a code message about Freedom of Choice when it comes to parenthood.

It isn't that I think Ferraro is wicked and irredeemable for holding such a position. Decent people disagree on the question. I just don't like to see corporations buying air time to take sides in issues that are as crucial and divisive as that of abortion. Or maybe "taking sides" is the wrong phrase. Perhaps I should have said "taking advantage of such issues" in order to sell soda pop. It's greedy and vulgar.

During the late Sixties, when I was a university dean wondering if our campus was going to explode into violence, the Morton company, makers of potato chips, made a pitch for the young revolutionary crowd with a similar ad. It went off the air almost immediately, but for some reason I felt I could no longer patronize that company, because it was willing to take advantage of a tragic moment in American history in order to make a buck.

Since that time I've not bitten into a Morton's potato chip, at least not to my knowledge. So now I'll be buying Frito-Lays and washing them down with Coca Cola. Besides, now that Coke has changed its formula it's bound to be better than Pepsi.

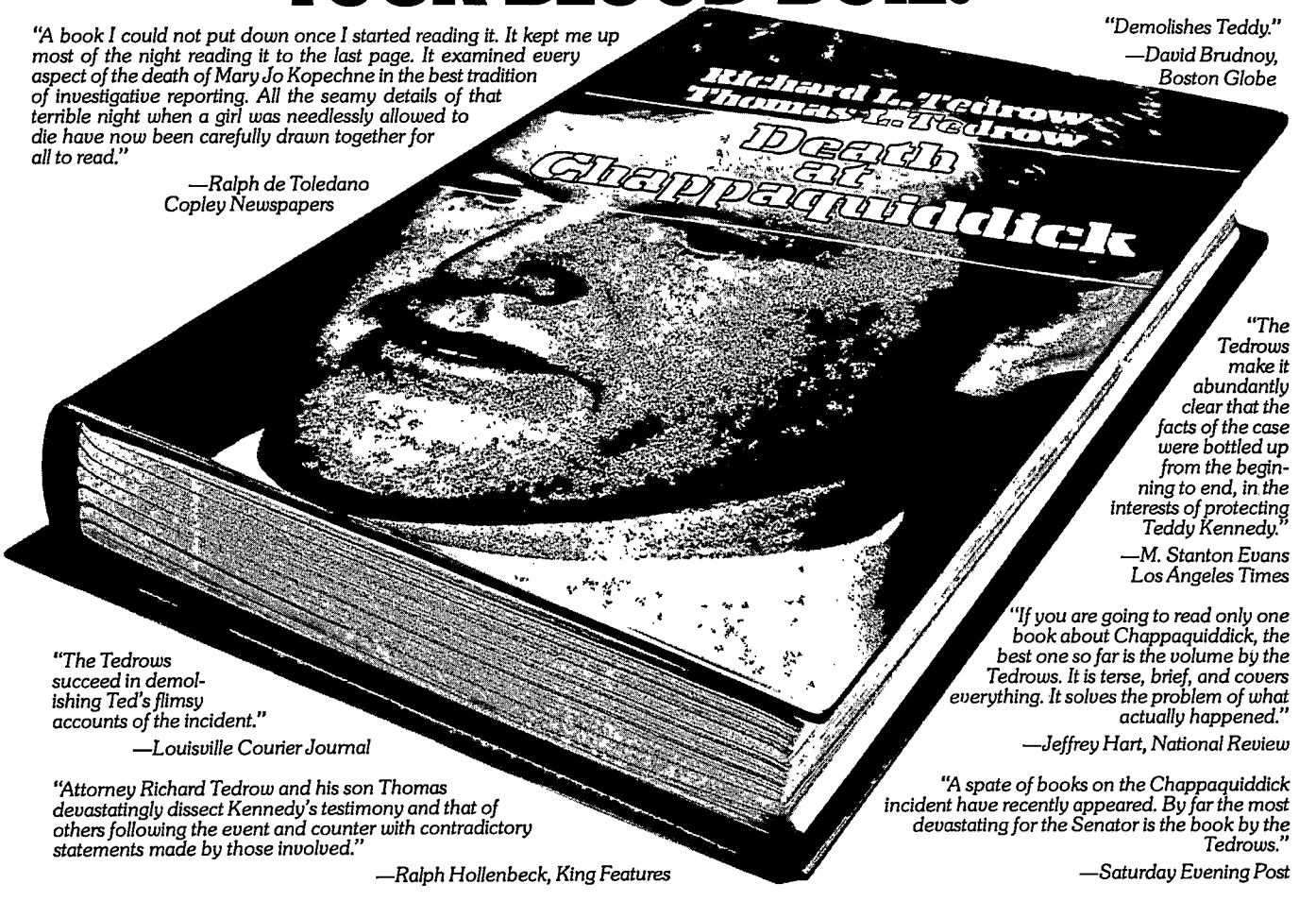
EVERY YEAR OR SO IT DOES YOU GOOD TO READ SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD BOIL.

"A book I could not put down once I started reading it. It kept me up most of the night reading it to the last page. It examined every aspect of the death of Mary Jo Kopechne in the best tradition of investigative reporting. All the seamy details of that terrible night when a girl was needlessly allowed to die have now been carefully drawn together for all to read."

—Ralph de Toledano
Copley Newspapers

"Demolishes Teddy."

—David Brudnoy,
Boston Globe



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Los Angeles Times

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"If you are going to read only one book about Chappaquiddick, the best one so far is the volume by the Tedrows. It is terse, brief, and covers everything. It solves the problem of what actually happened."

—Jeffrey Hart, National Review

"Attorney Richard Tedrow and his son Thomas devastatingly dissect Kennedy's testimony and that of others following the event and counter with contradictory statements made by those involved."

—Ralph Hollenbeck, King Features

"A spate of books on the Chappaquiddick incident have recently appeared. By far the most devastating for the Senator is the book by the Tedrows."

—Saturday Evening Post

THIS WILL DO IT.

Ads to sell books are supposed to go into enormous detail, lavish praise, long descriptions. We'll merely say that Thomas and Richard Tedrow have done an exhaustive job of research, their book is well written, carefully presented, and what you've suspected all along is true. *The 220 pages contain facts never before disclosed.* It's a book you *must* have on your own bookshelf, preferably toward the front.

We don't, of course, expect you to take our word for that. You're invited to examine "Death at Chappaquiddick" for 10 days on an absolute, no-strings-attached money-back guarantee. If you decide the book is not an *invaluable investment,* just return it within the 10 days, and we'll refund your $9.95 in full, no questions asked.

P.S. Mary Jo Kopechne did not die from drowning.

sp1

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OBITER DICTA

THE LATE SOUTHERN PARTISAN

One nice thing about a quarterly is that technically you're not late until the season changes. The Spring Issue is on time until the first day of Summer bubbles the paint on your mailbox. So in that spirit we have missed a few deadlines, but this time we have a reason (as opposed to an excuse). As you have surely noticed, *The Southern Partisan* has a new look this issue. All of this graphic improvement is the work of James Ladnar, our new art director, who has reinvented the magazine in order to make it more readable and more attractive to the eye.

So the redesign caused us to lose a few weeks, for which we apologize, but we were willing to wait for what we hope is a significant improvement in the magazine. Henceforth, we will look better and come out more promptly.

Or at least those are our intentions.

Thank you for waiting.

POSTSCRIPT II

Our story about the failure of the White House to send a birthday wreath for Robert E. Lee's grave apparently caused a stir in the nation's capital. Someone was delegated to become the Official Feather Smoother, and this solemn gentleman wrote to several of our Washington friends and associates, telling them in the most reasonable tones that the wreath had been omitted as an economy measure, that furthermore if they decorated Lee's grave they'd have to decorate Pershing's as well, and that before they finished there'd be wreaths on every grave in Arlington and the national debt would be increased by another trillion dollars. So, far from being a slight to General Lee and his Southern admirers, the elimination of the wreath was necessary for the economic survival of the Republic.

Well, maybe. But that doesn't explain why Confederate flags were removed by order from the Smithsonian Museum of American History while all other flags remained. In fact, one of our editors reports that the clerk complained to him that the Southern flags sold better than any other item in the inventory. So apparently the bureaucrats have more in mind than economics when they attempt to eliminate Robert E. Lee from the collective memory of the nation.

And by the way, they seem to be doing rather well at it. The other night, on the TV program *Jeopardy,* one of the trivia categories was "Famous Lee's." Not one of the three contestants could identify the man who never smoked or cursed and who was appointed Superintendent of West Point in 1852. But someone remembered Pinky Lee immediately, maybe because he used to dance and sing "Yoo hoo, it's me. My name is Pinky Lee."

By the way, is old Pinky still alive? If not, our bet is that the President could easily be persuaded to place a wreath in his honor.

POSTSCRIPT II

And speaking of the business of ceremonial wreaths, while the President's men were explaining how it was too expensive to honor Robert E. Lee, the news broke that the Great Communicator was on his way to Germany to deliver a wreath to dead Nazis. Inspired by the comparison, National Public Radio ran a segment by Verta May Grosvenor, who claimed to be speaking for black Americans. According to one printed account of the program she referred to the South as being guilty of "the 17th, 18th, and 19th century Holocaust," and she concluded that celebrating Confederate Memorial Day was more offensive than laying a wreath on Nazi graves in West Germany.

Of course, we know that 93% of the men who fought for the Confederacy never owned slaves. And quite a few who fought *against* the South (including General Grant) did own slaves.

So our message to Verta May and her producers at National Public Radio is this: nothing is more wicked than hatred caused by lies. One day soon, when people like Verta May stop creating hateful myths, Southern blacks and whites will begin to realize how much history they share and how satisfying roots can be between men of good will.

Elsewhere in this issue we memorialize a few black Confederates. Yes, Verta May, there were black Confederates. But that's just not a part of *All Things Considered,* is it?

DEAR PAT BUCHANAN:

We heard the following story from one of our sources in Washington and we're writing you to find out if it's true, since you're a cousin of ours.

According to our source, shortly after the election the President and some of his closet advisors

were sitting in the Oval Office, deciding what to do with the country, when suddenly they heard shouting down at the iron gate on Pennsylvania Avenue, so the President sent a marine to investigate. When the marine returned the President asked him what all the comotion was.

It's the Southern conservatives, sir," the marine replied. "They say they're hungry," whereupon James Baker III wheeled around and cried, "Then let them eat rhetoric."

And that, we're told, is why you're in the White House--to give us all the rhetoric we want, great, steaming bowls of it for the next four years--so much, that we'll never again worry about where our next meal is coming from.

For a region traditionally plagued by hookworm and pellagra, this arrangement sounds too good to be true. We're used to getting fed every four years around election time,--and with Ronald Reagan it's been mighty fine eating --but to think that we'll be on a steady diet twelve months out of the year--well, our cup runneth over. But just in case you haven't come up with a menu yet, we have a few suggestions to make.

First, we'd like a whole bunch of words on the President's social agenda: clauses, sentences, whole paragraphs that mention prayer in schools, abortion, and religious freedom. Our people love that kind of talk; they eat it up--always have. And the nice thing about the social agenda is that no one expects the President to push it through. In fact, down here we don't even expect him to try. But all the same, we do long to hear him talk about it, the way he did in 1980 and 1984.

Second, we'd like to hear more colorful phrases like "evil empire" when he talks about foreign policy. Down here we really believe that the Soviet Union is both evil *and* an empire; and to hear the President say such things gives us a thrill, even though when the Soviets murder one of our Congressmen he clams up in a hurry. We're not asking him to take any risks, you understand. He can denounce communism at times when nothing is at stake and therefore nothing can be lost. But we do miss the good old days when he used to come right out and say that we bought and paid for the Panama Canal and, by George, we ought to *keep* it.

And finally, before we close, a little old lady who works in our office has asked us to please request a few words about States Rights. Most of the young folks down here don't know what that means, but she claims that a lot of the senior citizens will appreciate hearing the phrase again--that it calls up feelings of nostalgia, like an old Rudy Vallee record.

Please don't think that we're too presumpuous, cousin Pat, when we ask for these things. We don't expect more than a few kind words. We're not uppity enough to demand anything as fancy and nourishing as a Constitutional Amendment or a cabinet appointment. We know that only Yankees are invited to that banquet, mostly the ones who worked for Nelson Rockefeller and George Bush. All we want is a few scraps in a bucket that we can eat on the back porch.

Meanwhile, we're pleased to have one of the family up there. You're about the best one of us they could have chosen; and if you don't turn bad and take on airs, you'll do us proud. Sincerely, Your Kinfolks at *The Southern Partisan*

NEWS AND NON-NEWS

We are constantly surprised by the American press, which finds in some regimes cause for extravagant outrage while ignoring completely the sins of others. It's as if the opinion makers had moral sensibilities as subtle and finely-tuned as, say, Dante's.

A case in point. During the very time when the networks and wire services were pointing accusatory fingers at South Africa, the ruler of Albania died, and you would have thought he was the benign mayor of some sleepy European village rather than one of the great tyrants of our time. Here are few facts not reported on ABC, NBC, or CBS: Albania has the lowest GNP in continental Europe; virtually half its population is in an Albanian Gulag; foreign diplomats are not allowed to travel more than 25 miles from the capital; no one is allowed to leave the country; its officially atheistic state recently executed a Catholic priest for baptising a baby.

The man who ruled this country with such an iron hand? Enver Hoxha. Never heard of him, have you? Yet if Albania had only been segregated he would have been infamous long before now.

SHOOTOUT IN DALLAS

Well, the bad guys won again in the big Dallas shootout!

You must have read all about it in the newspapers: how the "fundamentalists" in their black hats ambushed the poor "moderates" and elected an "ultraconservative" candidate for a second term as president of the Southern Baptist Convention. Funny thing about the Baptists. Like the Democratic Party, there are no "liberals" or "radicals" left in their midst. Why, podners, last week you could ride all over North Texas and never flush so much as one maverick "free thinker." Just them innocent-eyed "moderates" and them mean, ornery "conservative fundamentalists."

Well, podners, this worries us just a little. Because in the badlands west of El Paso, there just *has* to be the biggest, meanest gang of "liberals" you've ever seen in your life--hiding out in the hills, drinking whisky, playing poker, and reading Bultmann. Otherwise, where have they all gone? They was a passel of them around ten years ago.

They're dangerous cusses, too. Because they're smart. Among other things they've been able to hide from the American press for the better part of a decade, and chances are we'll not read about their likes again until Teddy Kennedy is president and it's safe to mosey back into town. ☆

SCALAWAG AWARD

He looks for all the world like one of the Good Guys. Rosey-cheeked and smiling, his face appears frequently now on the cover of the better conservative journals. He thinks right on the economic issues. He talks right on foreign policy. He *seems* right. He is Newt Gingrich, congressman from Georgia; and he wins our Spring Scalawag Award hands down.

We settled on Gingrich not so much because of his support of the 1984 Civil Rights Act (which continues to single out the South for special bureaucratic abuse), but because of his stated reason for doing so. At a meeting in Washington of the conservative Monday Club, Gingrich told the assembled group that he voted for the Civil Rights Act because he would have had difficulty explaining a negative vote to the press.

My, how times have changed! In the old days when a congressman voted out of cowardice he pretended that he had really done so out of principle. It was hypocritical, to be sure, but old-fashioned hypocrites at least had some sense of shame. Gingrich, one of the newer breed, apparently has none.

Now that the New American Spirit is abroad in the land, there are a number of Yankee Doodle Dandys who are busily sowing their own Uncle Sam suits, while keeping their eye on the opinion polls. Unfortunately, a few of these smiling converts live in our part of the country, and we must be very careful not to sponsor them ourselves, otherwise we may one day see a Newt Gingrich as the Southern representative on a national presidential ticket, grinning, waving to the crowds, denouncing the people of his own region, because to do otherwise might get him in trouble with Dan Rather and *The New York Times.*

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We've received so many requests for back issues of *The Southern Partisan* that we decided to offer this service to our readers. **Note** that most back issues (as indicated*) are available only in black & white photocopy, bound with a special long-lasting hard spine

Vol. 1, No. 3-4, Spring/Summer 1981 (Photocopy*)
A. Charles on *The Burning of Columbia*
Richard Weaver on *Name & Place*
A. Finkelstein on *New Politics/Old South*/...More

Vol. 2, No. 1, Fall 1981 (Photocopy*)
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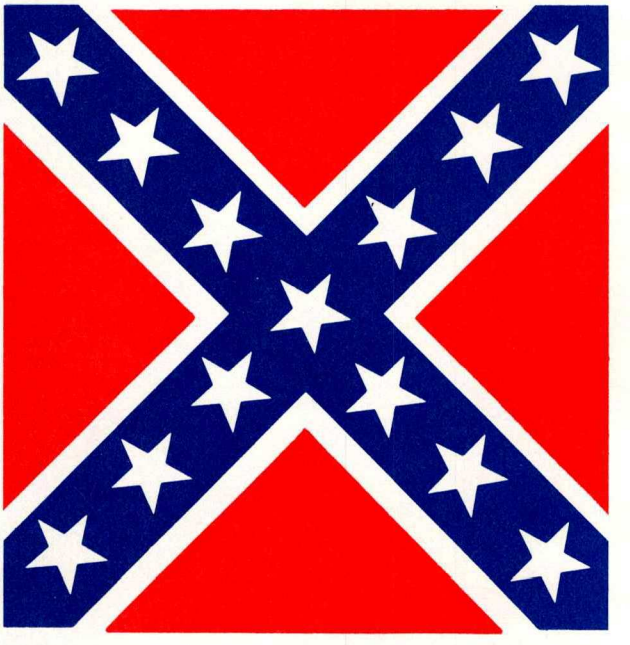
WHERE WE STAND ON THE FLAG



The Flap Over the Flag

They've been battling over the flag recently in Alabama. A loud little group has sought to remove the Confederate Battle Flag from official use by the Old South Fraternity at the University of Alabama. Well, before the fire flared up at Alabama, there was a similar dispute in Mississippi. And before that, politicians in South Carolina brooded and voted over whether the old flag should fly in the state house chamber as well as atop the capital dome of the Palmetto State, where the Battle Flag still flies below the Stars and Stripes (for the last several years, the friends of the flag have been winning narrow victories in South Carolina, as the first state to secede struggles to maintain noble status as the last state to furl the old Confederate Battle Flag).

To many modern observers, the arguments against flying the Confederate Battle Flag sound so reasonable, so benevolent — and always they're put forward by the best of people: a toothy New South governor, a beloved clergyman, an ernest Chamber of Commerce president. Small wonder that in state capital after state capital Confederate flags have been struck forever, with as little fanfare as possible. One day you look dizzily up at the swaying flagpole and the flag just isn't flapping there.

And who, after all, could quarrel with the reasons why it was taken down?

"Our black friends find it offensive. It reminds them of slavery, a humiliating part of their history they'd rather forget."

Then, "Besides, it's been debased in recent years — flown on automobile aerials, worn on the seats of blue jeans, carried by organizations like the American Nazi Party."

And finally, when pressured: "Look, it isn't worth the trouble. If we continue to fly it somebody's going to get mad and dynamite the flagpole. Then people will be injured, maybe killed. And business will be hurt in this part of the country."

On the surface these are sensible arguments, and they have proven all but unanswerable in the past twenty years. We should indeed avoid hurting other people's feelings unnecessarily. The Confederate Flag has certainly been misused by desperate or greedy people. So what prudent person would demand that the flag still fly?

Well, let's take these arguments one at a time. The Battle Flag of the Confederacy flew over the heads of men who did *not* regard themselves as fighting to defend slavery, any more than Union soldiers generally thought of themselves as fighting to abolish slavery. Abraham Lincoln at the beginning of the War made it quite clear: as far as he was concerned the United States government had no intention of freeing the slaves. After all, how could it? Several Northern states permitted slavery at the time of the War, and the slaves in those states were freed only by amendment to the U.S. Constitution, after Southern slaves were freed.

So why should the Confederate Battle Flag remind blacks of slavery any more than "The Stars and Stripes" (which flew over slave-holding states far longer than any Confederate banner)? The answer is simple: Northern textbook authors and publishers have misrepresented the War in order to justify what would otherwise be an unconscionable slaughter of more than half a million men, Northern as well as Southern. If the War wasn't fought to free the slaves then it was fought for no reason sufficient to exonerate Mr. Lincoln from the charge of bull-headed bungling. In the wake of Lincoln's assassination, and the ascendancy to power of Radical Republicans, a new official history was fashioned, and has been in force ever since.

So if we want to stop offending our black friends, we should stop telling lies about the past. A more complex and balanced history of the War Between The States would not only better serve the cause of truth but would also make blacks less unhappy about their past, less likely to blame a particular segment of the country for an institution common to all at the time of the nation's birth. It's our textbooks rather than our flags that are making blacks resentful of the old Confederate South.

As for the fact that the flag has been flown by Nazis and hoodlums, again the fault lies not with the flag but with public policy. As a matter of fact, the abuse of the Confederate banner — its use by radical, racist elements — has grown in direct proportion to its abandonment by more responsible segments of the community, particularly local governments who once paid tribute to the history of their region in a way that emphasized what was decent and dignified rather than what was ugly and divisive.

If state and local governments still celebrated Confederate Memorial Day and Robert E. Lee's birthday, as they did fifty years ago, then our elected officials could give the past a meaning more compatible with the best impulses and ideas of Southern society. Instead they have surrendered the flag and its history to the enemy, whether Yankee bigots or neo-racists, and in so doing they have assured that the real meaning of the Confederacy will be distorted and used to further the ends of desperate people. The way to check the spread of these irresponsible flag-wavers is to wave the flag more ourselves — not less.

And finally, while we certainly don't want to encourage violence, at the same time there is a sense in which we will be submitting to extortion if we abandon traditions that we have cherished in order to make certain that the cash registers keep jingling and the region's gross national product keeps rising. If we didn't fight the War to preserve slavery, then why did we fight it? Surely, one reason was to disengage ourselves from Yankee pragmatism, from the idea that the only thing important in life is the Almighty Dollar.

So if we want to stop offending our black friends, we should stop telling lies about the past.

It was the North that fought for the new industrialism, for the materialistic view of life, for the right to buy Boardwalk and Parkplace and drive your neighbor into bankruptcy. If the South had won the War, Parker Brothers would never have been able to market "Monopoly." Now it's the most popular board game in America. And in the past decade or two Southerners have begun playing in record numbers not just at their card tables, but along Main Street as well, at war with their neighbors, half mad with greed, worried about things they never worried about a hundred years ago.

If people in our region — particularly our businessmen and politicians — paid more attention to what that flag represented to those who fought under it, they might be concerned less with their pocketbooks and more with such impalpable things as truth, honor, and sacrifice — ideals that informed a better age than their own.

Belief in a glorious past is out of fashion these days; people are more and more preoccupied with the present, and, even more dangerously, with the future. "You can't live in the past," they tell us. "You can't turn back the clock." No one, of course, believes you can live in the past; but we all know that you certainly can turn back the clock, particularly if it keeps poor time. And some of the virtues of the past are the best corrective we have for the sins of the present.

In fact, the greatest civilizations in history — those of Greece, Rome, and Elizabethan England — were informed by the firm belief that the present was inferior to the past, that in older, better times there were heroes of such splendor and virtue that the present would do well to honor them and emulate their best thoughts and achievements.

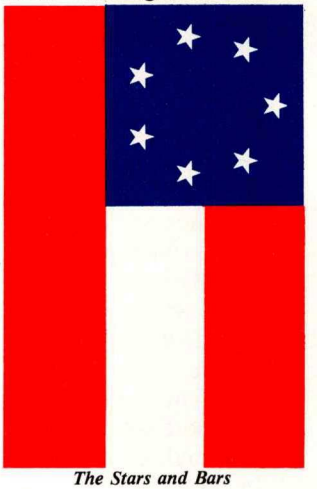
It is in that vein that Southerners have always flown their defeated banner — not as a commemoration of slavery, not as a defiant racist gesture, not to incite the ignorant to violence or the foolish to retribution. And if other people are too mean or shortsighted to understand this fact — then why should we, out of a feckless impulse to self-destruction, give in to their bad judgment?

Which Flag Are We Arguing About ?

The Southern Cross

The Confederate Battle Flag is the famous red banner displaying thirteen white stars contained within a diagonal blue cross. Sometimes even good Southerners refer to the Battle Flag as "The Stars and Bars."

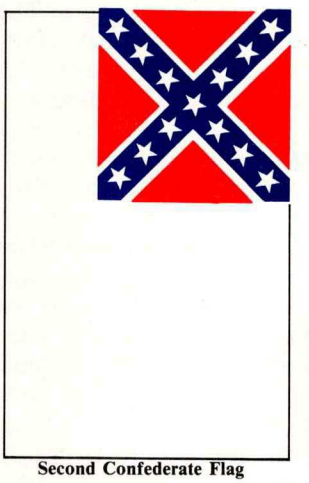
But that is incorrect. More properly, the Battle Flag was called "The Southern Cross" because its design was based on the British St. Andrews cross. The Confederate Battle Flag or "The Southern Cross" was always square in shape, never rectangular. And it was never the official national flag of the Confederacy. Instead it was a popular battle field banner, easily recognized from a great distance.



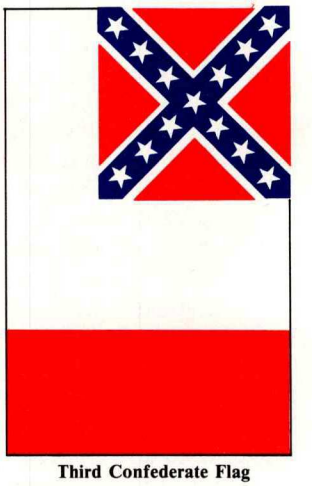
The Stars and Bars

There was, of course, another flag correctly called "The Stars and Bars." That symbol, less familiar to the modern eye, was the first national flag of the Confederacy. The Journal of Proceedings of the Provisional Confederate Congress described the national flag with the following precision: "The flag of the Confederate States of America shall consist of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center, and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag; the red spaces above and below to be of the same width as the white. The Union blue, extending down through the white space, and stopping at the lower red space; in the center of the union a circle of white stars, corresponding in number with the stars of the Confederacy."

This design was conceptually similar to "The Stars and Stripes" or the Union flag, and for good reason: The founders of the Confederacy felt that their claim to the banner of the old American Republic was just as valid, indeed more so, than the enemy to the North. But since it wasn't practical for both sides to fly the same flag, the design was adjusted to reflect thirteen states without changing the colors or the style of stars against a union blue field at the upper left and stripes of red and white.



Second Confederate Flag



Third Confederate Flag

The problem was that from a distance this flag looked too much like the Union flag, which raised the possibility of cannoneers firing on their own troops or else riding into the teeth of superior numbers before they realized their error.

So in 1863 a second Confederate Flag was designed and adopted for official use. This one consisted of "The Southern Cross" in the top left hand corner of a white field. Unfortunately, from a distance, the white flag dominated and could easily be mistaken for a totally white flag, the symbol of truce or surrender. So the designers went back to the drawing board and came up with yet a third flag, the same as the second except for a wide red band running horizontally at the end of the white field. This flag was adopted in 1865.

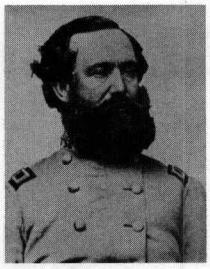
These last three flags were the only ones adopted officially by the Confederate government, but there were other famous Southern flags as well. For example, when the vote on secession was taken in Mississippi a new flag was flown with a white field, a magnolia tree in the center, and a blue canton on which there was a single star. This flag, finished with a red bordering fringe, was the "Bonnie Blue Flag," which captured the imagination of one Harry McCarthy, who wrote a song in honor of the occasion which was to become one of the most famous of the Confederacy:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For Southron Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

It is the Southern cross, then, that has sparked the controversy. Too bad that contemporary politicians are no more respectful of what it really represents, as opposed to what ignorant and malicious people are trying to make it mean. ☆

Why They Fought

Carlton McCarthy



The Confederate soldier fought because he would not obey the dictates of tyranny. To disobey was death. He disobeyed and fought for his life. The romance of war claimed him, and he hurried from the embrace of his mother to the embrace of death. He would not receive as gospel the dogmas of fanatics, and so he became a "rebel." Being a rebel, he must be punished. Being punished, he resisted. Resisting, he died.

The Confederate Soldier opposed immense odds. In the "Seven days battles" around Richmond, 80,000 drove to the James River 115,000 of the enemy. At Fredericksburg, in 1862, 78,000 of them routed 110,000 federal troops. At Chancellorsville, in 1863, 57,000 under Lee and Jackson whipped, and, but for the death of Jackson, would have annihilated, an army of 132,000 men — more than double their own number. At Gettysburg, 62,000 of them assailed the heights manned by 112,000. At the Wilderness, in 1864, 63,000 met and successfully resisted 141,000 of the enemy. At Appomattox, in April 1865, 8,000 of them surrendered to the host commanded by Grant. The United States government, at the end of the war, mustered out of service, 1,000,000 men, and had in the field, from the first to the last, 2,600,000. If the Confederate Soldier had then had only this disparity of numbers to contend with, he would have driven every invader from the soil of the South...

The Confederate Soldier fought bounties and regular monthly pay. He fought good wages, fat horses, and tons of Quartermaster stores.

He fought the well-built, thoroughly equipped ambulances, the countless surgeons, nurses, and hospital stewards, and the best surgical applications known to the medical world. He fought the commerce of the United States and all the facilities for war which Europe could supply, while his own ports were closed to all the world.

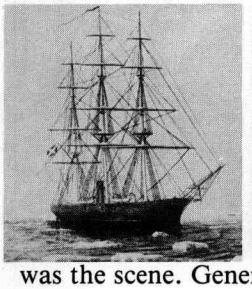
The Confederate Soldier fought the cries of distress which came from his home — tales of woe, want, insult, and robbery.

The Confederate Soldier was a venerable old man, a youth, a child, a preacher, a farmer, merchant, student, statesman, orator, father, brother, husband, son — the wonder of the world, the terror of his foes.

If the peace of this country can only be preserved by forgetting the Confederate Soldier's deeds and his claims upon the South, the blessing is too dearly bought. ☆

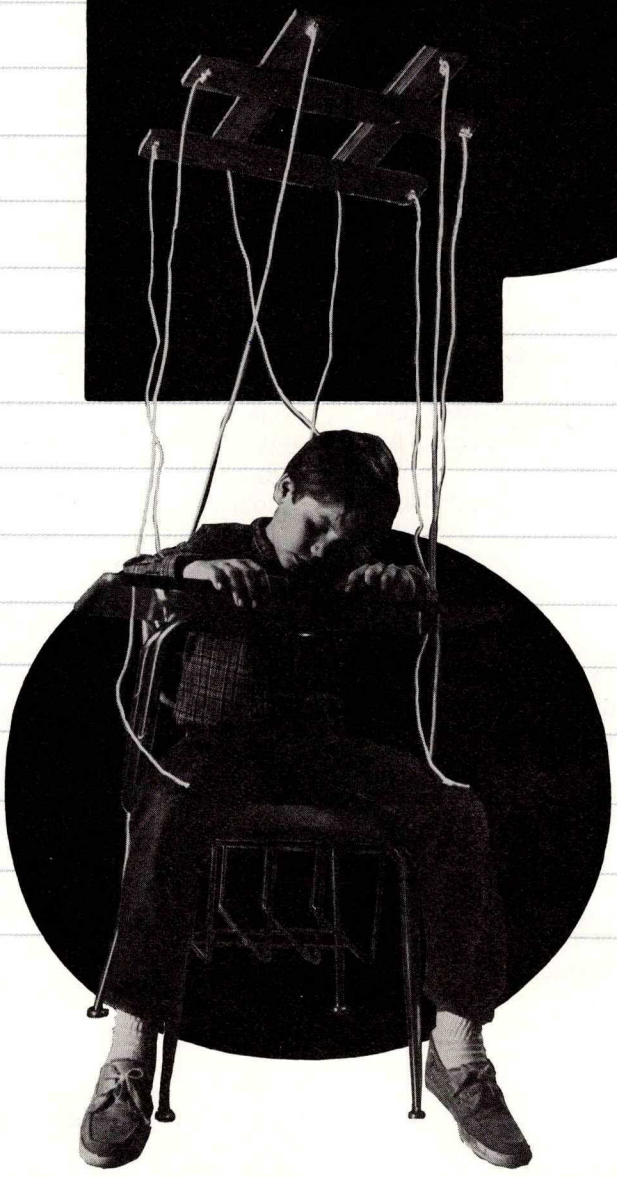
The Last Confederate Flag

Sheldon Vanauken



It is ironic that the last official flag of the Confederate States of America should have been hauled down, not in Virginia or Carolina or Mississippi but in England. Liverpool, the most Confederate city outside the CSA, was the scene. General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox on the ninth of April, 1865, and the other armies shortly thereafter: the nation ceased to exist. Only — not quite. In the North Pacific the Confederate armed cruiser CSS *Shenandoah* was still cheerfully sinking American ships. *Shenandoah* — the name means Daughter of the Stars — was a fast, graceful, ship-rigged vessel that had carried the Confederate flag round the world; and her young officers, among whom was a nephew of General Lee, knew nothing of the ending of their country's fight for independence. On June 28th, two and a half months after Appomattox, in the last armed action of the war, *Shenandoah* captured ten Yankee whaling ships and, crowding the crews on two of them, burnt the other eight in a spectacular finale of the great struggle. Feeling right pleased with their haul, the ship's company sailed southward towards San Francisco, which the captain and chief officer were planning to capture. This quite probably they could have done, but in August they learnt from a British vessel, not only that the war was over but that they themselves would, if captured, almost certainly be hanged as pirates by the vengeful victors. Accordingly, the now very lonely *Shenandoah* sailed south, trusting in her speed to escape any American warships that might be sighted — sailed southward down the long reaches of the South Pacific, rounded the Horn, and set her course for England, a voyage of 17,000 miles without touching land. Then in November, seven long months after Appomattox, the last flag of the Confederacy streaming from her gaff, CSS *Shenandoah* entered the port of Liverpool. There at last, with the grey-uniformed officers standing at attention on the quarterdeck, and tears on the bronzed faces of some, the order was given to haul down the colors; and the last unit of the armed forces of a conquered nation ceased to exist. ☆

WHO CONTROLS PUBLIC SCHOOLS



By Warren Leamon

In America education has taken on many of the characteristics of a religion: the state is God and the school is that institution in which good (i.e. productive) servants of God (citizens) are formed. Democracy, we have been told since the time of Jefferson, can succeed only if the average man is educated; and in turn, general education will insure a virtuous democratic state. So intrenched is this faith that anyone challenging it with facts (for instance, the best educated country in the world in the 1920s and 30s was Germany) is treated in somewhat the same way that the Vatican treated Galileo. Poor parents in the slums as well as middle class parents who can't afford both skiing and scuba diving vacations and private school tuition are forced by law to submit their children to the indoctrination carried out in the state schools.

There is nothing particularly surprising about this state of affairs; almost all cultures have sought to maintain themselves through rituals which indoctrinate the young. Whether it consists of old warriors teaching the young to hunt and fight or professors teaching students the intricacies of physics, education has always been dominated by the ideas and ideals of those who rule the society. True, before the 20th century a state's claim to legitimacy, with a few brief and horrific exceptions, rested in part in its adherence to spiritual reality; this was so either in fact (England's established religion) or in practice (the North's campaign against slavery was religious, sometimes to the point of being illegal--supposedly it was Christ's truth, not Lincoln's or Sumner's, that was marching on). Education has always reflected this spiritual claim, has, in fact, insisted upon it as a way of maintaining the security of the state.

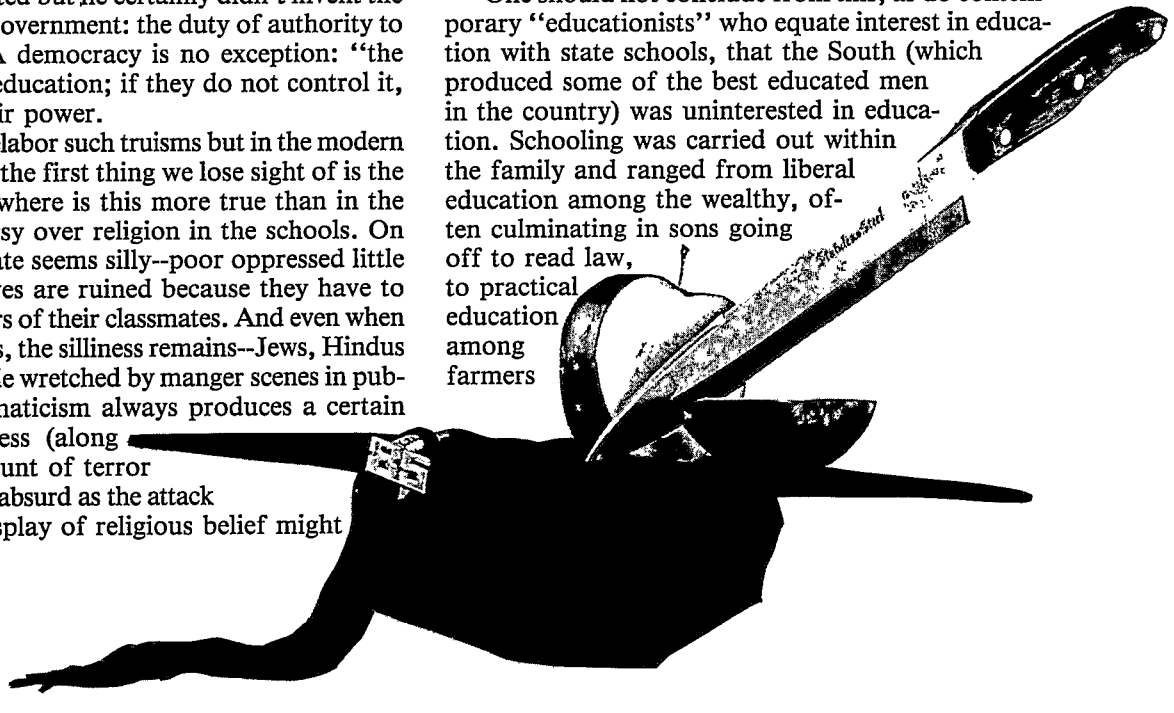
Traditionally, then, whoever has paid for education has controlled it. Kind of payment might vary--the farmer and artisan invested their time, the church and crown their money--but a return on the investment was expected: the farmer through his sons could enlarge his holdings, the artisan his trade; the church and crown could increase their dominance. Machiavelli may have articulated but he certainly didn't invent the first principle of government: the duty of authority to maintain itself. A democracy is no exception: "the people" pay for education; if they do not control it, they will lose their power.

I'm sorry to belabor such truisms but in the modern world most often the first thing we lose sight of is the obvious. And nowhere is this more true than in the current controversy over religion in the schools. On one level the debate seems silly--poor oppressed little atheists whose lives are ruined because they have to listen to the prayers of their classmates. And even when the context widens, the silliness remains--Jews, Hindus and Moslems made wretched by manger scenes in public parks. But fanaticism always produces a certain amount of silliness (along with a large amount of terror and violence) and absurd as the attack on any public display of religious belief might seem, underlying the attack is a very dangerous fanaticism.

As recently as the War Between the States the government could appeal to spiritual authority in its drive to stamp out slavery but though remnants of that fervor have lingered into the 20th century, particularly in the prohibition and civil rights movements, the state has tended to rule more and more through "Constitutional rights." The main result has been a confusion produced by an appeal to a document as the final arbiter when in fact that document, along with the rights and freedoms it proclaims, was derived primarily from the Western Christian tradition. In this light it is interesting to note that the Constitution says nothing about education. The reason for this omission is not hard to find: the farmers, with few exceptions, saw education as a family matter; the individual's right to property--the principle upon which the Constitution rests--precluded the state's tampering with children without the consent of their owners (their parents). Thus both New England and the South resisted state education. New England does not concern us here, but we should note in passing that though the region early on required schooling of all children, the schooling was carried out by churchmen (the region still being more or less a theocracy); and Horace Mann, the father of public education in this country, always insisted on religious values.

The South was even more adamant in its resistence. Jefferson may have advocated public schools but he was unsuccessful (except at the university level) in establishing any. In the South education was the prerogative of the family, and the region was suspicious of state intervention in such a personal matter. And unlike New England, which administered education through the central authority of the church, in the South, where minimal schools were established, they were always under local control, both in theory and fact.

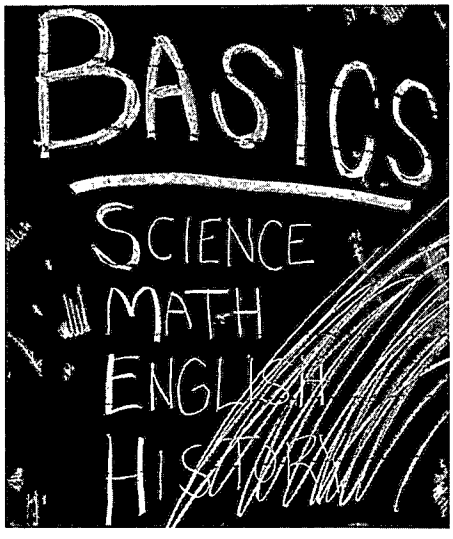
One should not conclude from this, as do contemporary "educationists" who equate interest in education with state schools, that the South (which produced some of the best educated men in the country) was uninterested in education. Schooling was carried out within the family and ranged from liberal education among the wealthy, often culminating in sons going off to read law, to practical education among farmers



and tradesmen. Illiteracy was no problem in a rural society and the Constitution had built into it a system (the electoral college) which took illiteracy into account. On all levels, even in the fledging public schools--communities from time to time hired school teachers--education was unabashedly Christian. Truth, be it derived from Cicero or from the insistence upon the relationship between success and willpower, was always connected, directly and indirectly, with Christian vision.

The nationwide drive for state schools, which gained momentum in the second half of the nineteenth century, was based upon two assumptions: 1) in an industrial society only education can free the individual from poverty, misery and unhappiness; 2) state schools can shape an increasingly pluralistic society, devoid of any common religious bond, into a "nation." The aim of state schools was to produce productive men and women loyal to the ideals of American democracy. The schoolhouse became as omnipresent as the courthouse; indeed, the two were linked through the religion of democracy, which, it was said, needed an educated public to survive. The ideal of public education, then, is based upon the principle that education can be divorced from religion or, put another way, that moral values can be separated from spiritual values. As we will see, such a separation is necessary to the federal government's use of schools to indoctrinate the young. The education establishment which operates throughout the country is, for ideological and financial reasons, the staunchest advocate of this principle and thus the main instrument through which the central government exerts its control.

The ideal of public education, then, is based upon the principle that education can be divorced from religion or, put another way, that moral values can be separated from spiritual values.



So widespread education, like so much else in the modern South, began during Reconstruction and its aftermath. But well into the twentieth century the South, which had good reason to be suspicious of the ideals of the nation, resisted public schools; the legend of the Yankee school teacher trying to subvert the natives became a part of Southern folklore (and like most legends there was a good deal of truth in it, although the school teacher was likely to be a Southerner who had adopted Northern ideals, an academic scalawag). Other, non-ideological factors militated against public schools--thanks to Reconstruction policies, the region remained dismally poor and it burdened itself with the additional expense of a dual education system.

The New South movement, which was based in large measure upon nationwide ideals, aided greatly the establishment of state schools, but just as important was the fact that the South was an overwhelmingly Protestant region. Protestantism was significant in the rapid development of public education throughout the country because the Protestant "work ethic" in many ways dovetailed with the capitalist ideal, which was in turn linked with the "American way." And in the early stages of secularization, the central planners aligned themselves strongly with Protestantism. Not until the New Deal, when intellectuals and central planners replaced entrepeneurs and inventors as the heroes of society, did the true nature of the secular ideal reveal itself.

My point is that the South accepted the national myth of the separation of church and state in education because public schools in the region were in reality protestant schools. This was the case well into the 1950s even in so "progressive" a city as Atlanta. I attended public schools in the city from 1944 to 1956. Class days began with a reading from the Bible and a prayer of the spontaneous fundamentalist variety; the superiority of doing over being ("faith without words is dead") was an implicit--and sometimes explicit--principle in all courses; a personal and direct relationship between the individual and God, unsullied by any ritual or mediating institution, was extolled; I don't remember studying a single Catholic or Jewish social theorist. Evangelists spoke in the school and we were exhorted to attend revivals.

Was anyone persecuted, coerced, humiliated? I don't think so. The few Jews and Catholics in the school took it in stride and participated wholeheartedly in sports and extracurricular activities. At most they seemed bemused by the strange religious enthusiasm of their Protestant classmates; they were probably more corrupted by the Protestant insistence on hard work, thrift and cleanliness than by any prayer or Bible thumping revivalist.

By the end of World War II, then, the South had a fairly well-established system of Protestant education which was supported and financed by the state. There were some private schools--parochial schools in cities like New Orleans and Savannah and prep schools for the children of the wealthy--but they merely reenforced one of the central myths of education: the state provides schools in which all classes of children mix and mingle, thus insuring a broad social experience which will prepare the child for life. What the public schools in the South acknowledged in practice if not in principle was that education has as much to do with social values as it has to do with intellectual achievement.

The major mistake made by the Protestants in the South was their acceptance of the state as the instrument through which they could establish and maintain their spiritual values. Of course, to a certain extent--because the schools reflected a homogeneous society in which religious and secular values were inseparable--Southerners fooled themselves. But there were leaders in the South who should have known better, who should have seen, at least as late as World War II, that there was something wrong with the state forcing little children to pledge allegiance to the flag. The Supreme Court quite rightly sided with the Jehovah Witnesses in that case; it did not rule, however, that *no one* in the school could pledge allegiance to the flag; something very similar to that was to come later.

What is clear is that the opponents in the controversy over religion in the schools have at least one thing in common: both sides believe that schools should foster social and moral values in the young. As we have seen, public schools from the beginning were designed to turn people of divergent races and nationalities into "Americans" through a separation of moral and spiritual values. The illusion that such values can be separated was maintained as long as the schools were predominantly Protestant; this was possible even in many areas of the North and West because the Catholic Church set up parochial school systems which were actually alternate public school systems. The real crisis in public education began after the war when liberal intellectuals, brought into positions of influence by Roosevelt's New Deal, began to equate their ideology with the "American ideal." The most crucial event in the ascendency of their ideas was *Brown vs the Board of Education* (1954).

As everyone knows, what was to have far-reaching effects was not only the decision itself--that segregated schools are unconstitutional--but the arguments upon which the decision was based. The court could have ruled on Constitutional grounds alone (Harlan's position in his dissent in *Plessy vs. Ferguson,* i.e. the Constitution is color blind), but in appealing to sociological evidence the court may have been more cunning than incompetent. As Edward Erler has pointed out (*National Review,* Sept. 7, 1984), in *Brown* the court did not reverse *Plessy* (it never even referred to Harlan's dissent); had the court ruled that the Constitution is color blind, the chain reaction that *Brown* set off would have been defused at the start. In applying the "stigma test" (segregated schools stigmatize minority children) the court opened the door to affirmative action and bussing.

Bussing is a central planner's dream come true: the power to move human beings around according to the dictates of statistics. What is at issue, finally, is not whether every school in a city or county should contain exactly the same proportion of black to white; no, what is at issue is whether any institution has the power to stand between the individual and the central government in Washington. Bussing should be seen in relation to other contemporary debates: pornography (the community is inferior to the individual); women's rights (the family is inferior to the individual); capital punishment (the law is inferior to the individual). Anti-abortionists, by shifting from a defense of the family against the individual to a defense of the right of the unborn child against the right of the mother, have provided an example of how one must do battle with the state these days. What is at work in each of these cases is a familiar secular strategy: an unrealizable utopian ideal (in this debate, perfectly balanced schools) is used to exert the power of the state over an institution within it, in this instance the family. *Brown* led to bussing which firmly established two principles: 1) the *primary* function of public education is to inculcate the values of the state, and 2) community control of education--the old realizable ideal of the neighborhood school--is dead. Obviously, the second principle issues inevitably from the first. In each of these controversies a noble cause--the rights of the individual must be protected--produces a hidden result: the abolition of any institution that stands between the federal government and the individual. Shorn of the defense of mediating institutions, the individual will soon discover his impotence in the hands of the all-powerful state.

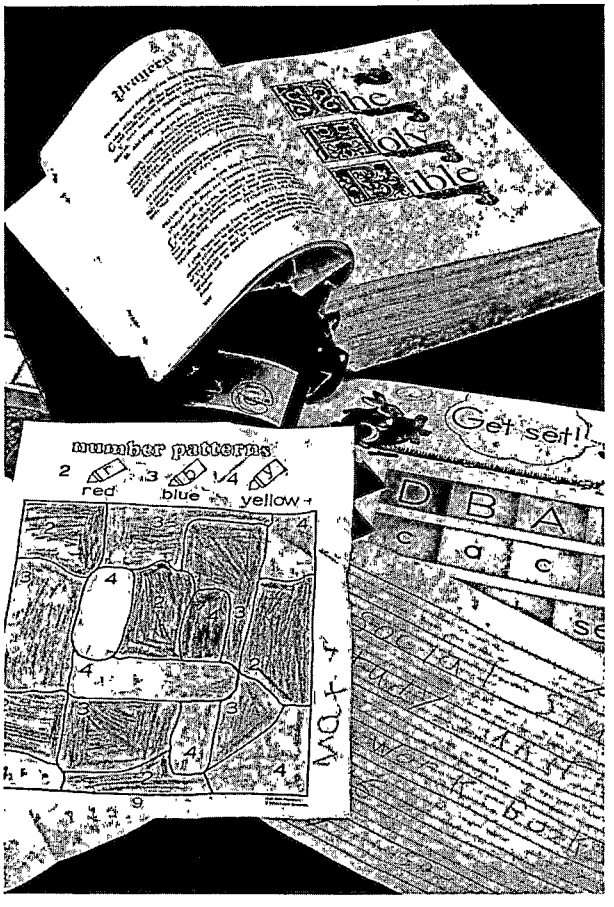
In the South the integration controversy obscured for a generation the basic ills of public education: sorry colleges of education, incompetent teachers and administrators, smorgasbord curricula, breakdown in family structure leading to a breakdown in school discipline re-enforced by a desperate permissiveness, etc. The list goes on and on and everyone has his favorite "cause"--and also his favorite "cure": better discipline, a return to basics, higher pay for teachers, merit pay, abolishing or restructuring colleges of education, removing education course requirements that bar BA and BS graduates from teaching, etc.

Federal, state and foundation commissions have labored long and hard to tell us what we already knew. Inevitably, education "experts" (the very people who got us into the present mess) have been hired to come up with solutions; otherwise sane people hold up the Japanese education system as a model to be emulated; others advocate a return to corporal punishment as though paddling already physically or psychologically abused children is going to help; such panaceas as prayer, drugs, homework, longer school days and years, yearly evaluation of teachers, exit exams are suggested; abolish the teaching of evolution, force children who can't read and write or add and subtract to learn to use computers; require more art and music, cut out the frills. Not even Swift could do justice to the situation.

In the midst of such chaos it is almost amusing to see Congress, the administration, state legislatures and pressure groups all over the country in turmoil over prayer in the public schools. But what that turmoil tells us is that public education is still in a state of transi-

tion from the old diversity of local control to the new uniformity that the central planners wish to impose. How else explain the worship of SAT scores or the shock expressed over the fact that rural Southern school teachers are paid so much less than their counterparts in New York or Los Angeles? How else account for the ludicrous attempt to force Amish children into public schools? In the South the Protestant majority depended on the state to enforce its values; now it is discovering what that dependence ultimately means. And in turning to the Constitution to solve its problems, the South is playing into the hands of the central planners. One thing we should know better than anyone else is that the Constitution, like the Bible, can be used to prove anything.

One example will suffice: the "stigma test" developed in *Plessy* and *Brown* is now being applied in cases involving prayer in the public schools; the secularizers oppose voluntary prayer (which would seem to escape even their reading of the First Amendment) on the ground that it alienates and humiliates (stigmatizes) the non-Christian child. But when they turn to the problem of sex education, they take a different tack. All public schools, they contend, should offer sex education. Parents who object on religious grounds may request that their children not attend the class. In this instance the stigma test is not applied; somehow or other it is Constitutional to alienate and humiliate a religious minority.



In the South, at least, we should be able to see the controversy over public schools for what it is: another "crusade" used by the federal government in its relentless drive to eliminate all institutions that stand between the government and the individual. The crusade against slavery effectively destroyed states rights; the crusade against segregation effectively destroyed local control of schools (community rights), an inevitable development since the states had no power to intervene. The current drive to keep state and religion separate in the schools should be seen in the light of these previous crusades. Appeal to the Constitution and the courts is useless because the secularizers have insured that the Constitution, contrary to all evidence, will be read exclusively in the light of individual rights.

What we need to do is turn the tables and call upon the secularizers to defend themselves. The first question we ought to ask is, "What, precisely, does the state expect the schools it finances to accomplish?" We can accept as legitimate, although even this is debatable, that the state has a right to expect every child to be literate and to know enough math and science to be able to function in the marketplace. We should reject out of hand any of the vague claims that invariably follow: children should learn about government, American history, "values," etc. Turning their own cliches back on them, we should tell the secularizers, "In a democracy the people tell the state what rights it has and not the other way around. The state has no right to foster an attitude toward government, much less any set of values; likewise, the state has no right to foster the opinion that there is no 'correct' attitude toward government and no single 'correct' value system. Relativism is as subjective as idealism."

These guidelines should be applied in all specific cases. Thus in the case of sex education we should ask the secularizers, "What, specifically, do you wish to accomplish in this course?" The first answer we will get--"You'd be surprised how many teenagers don't know what causes pregnancy"--we can dismiss. Even if it is true (and if it is, things have certainly changed since I was in highschool), the problem can be solved for even the dumbest teenager in about 10 minutes in a biology class. "Why," we will ask, "do students need a semester or even a year of sex education?" Next will come statistics about teenage pregnancy and venereal disease and the state's need to protect itself. No need to question the statistics, which, like the Bible and the Constitution, can be used to prove anything. Better to ask why there are so many teenagers who *don't* get pregnant. Answers, of course, will vary: some are Catholics or fundamentalist Protestants who out of deep religious conviction or outright fear abstain from sexual activity; others are the children of up-to-date parents who provide them with all the latest protection and occasional trips to the abortion clinic. What method will be taught in a sex education course? Why should the state prefer one method over another?

The idea that the school will present *all* attitudes

toward sexual activity and allow the child to decide is laughable. In the first place, a state school has no business presenting the Roman Catholic position on any contemporary moral issue (an additional problem: do atheists want a Roman Catholic teaching their children about sex and vice versa?); in the second place, it is absurd to believe that any human being--let alone a teacher--can be perfectly neutral; in the third place, even if the teacher were neutral, the very notion that there is no absolute moral code governing sexual activity would undermine the fundamentalist teaching on the subject. To be perfectly fair, a teacher in a sex education course could not discuss love, birth control, abortion, disease or abstinence. What, then, could be discussed? How women get pregnant, which, as we have seen, can be covered in about ten minutes. And making the course voluntary, in light of the "stigma test," should be out of the question.

A similar test could be applied to the teaching of history, literature, social problems, political science, art, etc. Even a science teacher, to keep things perfectly balanced, could only discuss *how,* never *why,* nature works. I have used sex education as an example only because it illustrates--far better than that typical central planner's red herring, prayer in the schools--how any workable education system, if children are to be in school more than two or three hours a day, must have a moral center, a vision of reality that informs teaching in every area. Accordingly, a public school in a secular democratic state must exert its authority over every other institution, including--indeed, especially--the family, which is forced by law to send its children to school.

The state, then, cannot operate compulsory schools without forcing its moral vision on the captive children. The resulting conflict pits the state against the family (and often the child against his family and religion). The first casualty in such a conflict is education itself as the schools flounder, trying to impose a "value system" which will produce discipline and order. The result was made plain by one of the many recent studies of education which concluded that schools need "More 'ceremonial activities' such as assemblies and opening exercises, that emphasize values the schools wish to promote, including cooperation, effort and patriotism." No, this is not taken from *Pravda* but from the Washington *Post.* Cooperation and patriotism are vague and inclusive enough to please any totalitarian bureaucracy; and nothing could be more typical of central planners than the notion that values, like math or computer science, can be emphasized.

The situation in the schools is bad and in the long run the current nationwide effort at reform, because it will lead to greater centralization, will make matters worse. The educational establishment is large, bloated, cumbersome and unresponsive to change and innovation. Like any overgrown bureaucracy, it can only offer more of the same, but through sheer size and inertia it can block real reform.

Another obstacle to reform, especially in the South, is the Protestant majority's deepseated and contradictory philosophy of public education. Like a bloated bureaucracy, it clings to a status quo--public schools based on Protestant morality--that no longer exists; but, the victim of its own propaganda, it goes on insisting on a spurious separation of church and state. The result will be a completely secular and chaotic educational system which only the wealthy and those who live in areas where there are parochial schools will be able to escape. But even parochial and expensive private schools may be doomed; we too easily forget that Oregon, as early as the 1920s, banned *all* private schools in the state, a law later overturned by the courts. Oregon's action may have been merely crude and premature; there are more ways than one to skin a Christian.

It follows that the first step to real reform is action which will break the education establishment's monopoly on the schools because as long as it has a monopoly it will not make any fundamental changes. And as long as it can hoodwink the public with its rhetoric about the separation of church and state, it will maintain its stranglehold. The only thing that will break the stranglehold is the voucher system. For those who are not familiar with it, it works as follows: the state determines how much money it will spend on education for each child in any given year (the state already does this); that money is given to the parents of the child in the form of a voucher, which can be used at any school the parents choose; the school turns the voucher over to the state and receives the money allocated to the child.

There is nothing new or untried about the voucher system; various forms of it have been used for a long time in western European countries and in this country the G.I. Bill, a voucher system for higher education, was very successful. But even the voucher system, devoid of any governing principle, can be subverted by the education establishment through the process known as accreditation, whereby departments and boards of education make schools conform to certain "standards." These standards often have little or nothing to do with education; schools are required to have so much floor space and so many toilets; they are required to teach certain courses, to have "accredited" teachers, to offer music and art programs and hot lunches, to hold classes so many hours a day and so many days a year. Naturally these regulations could be adjusted to drive any "undesireable" schools out of business. Accordingly, the voucher system should be implemented through the following principle: The state has no interest in education beyond the assurance that an individual can operate in the marketplace if he wants to; thus federal and state education departments should establish minimum standards in reading, writing, math and science (that is, tests should be used to determine whether a student has attained the minimum standard). No state or private school can award a diploma to any student who

does not pass the test of minimum achievement. Any other standards are outside the purview of departments of education; in other words, the sanitation department determines whether the school has enough toilets, the fire department determines whether it is safe, etc.

Inevitably, education "experts" (the very people who got us into the present mess) have been hired to come up with solutions...

The voucher system, like any other system, would not be perfect, but unlike the present system, its strengths would far outweigh its weaknesses:

1. It would end the turmoil over religion and values which currently disrupts the schools.
2. It would break the education establishment's monopoly. State schools, in order to survive, would have to compete on equal footing with private schools, a competition which would produce enormous improvement in the state schools.
3. It would put an end to regulations which force good teachers to waste their time meeting "certification" requirements which do little more than provide jobs at universities.
4. It would save the taxpayers enormous amounts of money. Departments of education, school boards, accreditation committees, etc., would be greatly reduced or abolished. Schools, in order to compete for students, would have to decide whether money is better spent on bureaucrats or teachers. And God only knows how many millions will be saved when bussing is abolished.
5. It would increase parental involvement in education. One of the many evils of bussing is that it carries poor children out of their own neighborhoods, often into more affluent ones. Consequently their parents cannot often get to the school for conferences and P.T.A. meetings; and when they can they are often intimidated by the unfamiliar surroundings. Studies show that when parents pay all or part of their children's school fees, they become more involved in what's going on at the school; this is true even of poor parents who have their fees waived at parochial schools. The current system encourages the belief that schools are free and parents--especially those who are poor and uneducated--tend to think they have to accept what they are "given."
6. Finally, the voucher system, because it would decentralize education, should be especially attractive to the South and other regions which have strong cultural traditions.

Strong as the arguments for the voucher system are, I am not naive enough to believe that making it a reality will be easy. It has logic, common sense and precedent on its side, but those qualities must be weighed against the central planners' lust for power and control. Thus, the most attractive feature of the system, freedom of choice, is to the educationist its most radical and dangerous feature.

As writers from Orwell on have pointed out, freedom is one of those God words (Weaver's phrase) of modern society: everyone uses it to justify his own particular prejudice. Thus in a Marxist society freedom can be realized only through the dictatorship of the proletariat, who--being ignorant and the victim of the economic system--must be controlled by a small clique. The worker is totally free when he unquestioningly obeys the dictates of the party. In a similar fashion the welfare state makes abortion an expression of freedom; forcing a worker to join a union frees him; the minimum wage frees jobless black teenagers. In general, *freedom* is a word used by the ruling elite to justify its control of society.

Not surprisingly, then, educationists object to the voucher system, but the actual reason for their objection--that it breaks their financial monopoly and returns control of the child to the family--is concealed behind a cloud of rhetoric about the separation of church and state. According to the educationist, a child is free only when the state has the power to determine where he goes to school and what he learns at school.

The first small step toward the voucher system is tuition tax credits. The courts have upheld the Constitutionality of tax credits in one state; the federal administration as well as conservative congressmen and state legislators should push for them in all states. Once tax credits are widespread and the principle of state money going directly to families is firmly established, the principle can be used to push for the voucher system. But as I have said, none of this will come about until Christians and other religious groups abandon their devotion to the secularists' reading of the first amendment. The issue is certainly one of the most crucial of our time for only under the voucher system can school develop the coherence and purpose that is necessary to learning. ☆

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...of late years, political "activists" have been trying to persuade Southern blacks to repudiate "their finest hour" and build a future of fantasy on a phony past.

BEYOND the Call of Duty

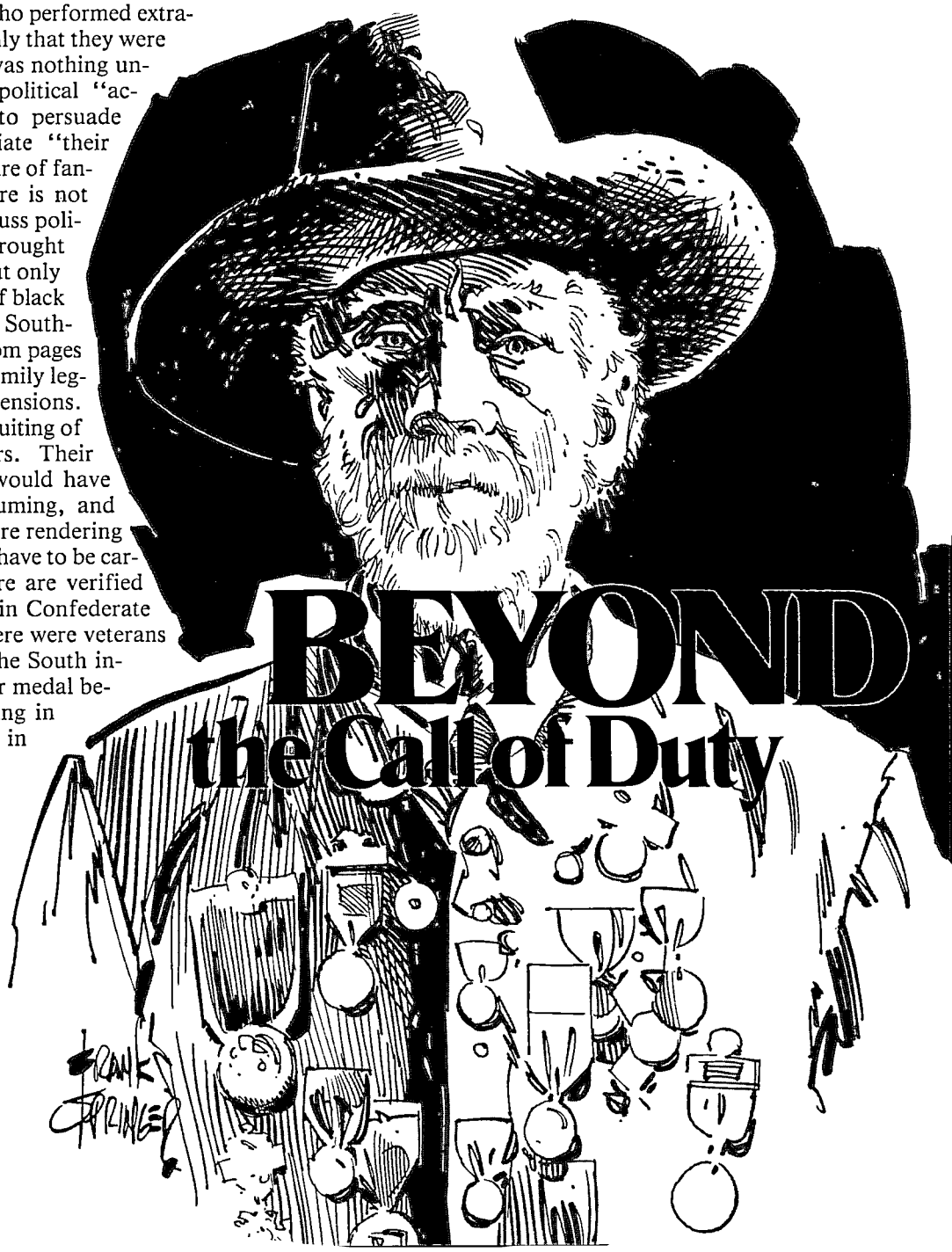
By Francis Springer

One phase of our so-called "Civil War" that deserves more research and publicity is the part played by the black men and women of the South in the Confederacy's remarkable war effort. Their contributions were made in love and loyalty and were often heroic. Obviously, the overwhelming majority of BOTH blacks and whites supported the Confederacy, otherwise the vast production and transportation of war materials necessary in a four year struggle against awesome odds would have been impossible.

Of course, there were defectors. Forty-three thousand white Southerners, of their own free will, fought for the North; but how many Southern blacks did so of their own free will? Enormous pressures were exerted on them in all occupied areas of the South to join Northern forces, but even though that was the only way, often, that blacks could get a square meal, still they had to be drafted.

But Confederate records were never adequate because of manpower shortages, and of those that were kept, many were destroyed, some accidentally, some maliciously. The blacks kept no records of their own, and besides, the ones who performed extraordinary services thought only that they were doing their duty, and that was nothing unusual. But of late years, political "activists" have been trying to persuade Southern blacks to repudiate "their finest hour" and build a future of fantasy on a phony past. There is not room here, however, to discuss politics or the events that have brought about present conditions, but only to set forth a few examples of black participation in the cause of Southern independence gleaned from pages of old periodicals, letters, family legends and applications for pensions.

There was no formal recruiting of blacks as fighting soldiers. Their organization and training would have been expensive, time consuming, and hazardous. Besides, they were rendering essential services that would have to be carried on by others. But there are verified records of blacks regularly in Confederate fighting units, and while there were veterans still alive, every parade in the South included black soldiers in their medal bedecked gray jackets, strutting in the early decades, tottering in later years,but always with high spirit and pride. Here are just a few examples from available records:



- *Private Levi Oxendine, was present for duty Oct.1, 1861 at Camp Myers, Tennessee, having been mustered in July 30, 1861 by A.B. Hardcastle and designated as a free Negro, age 53. Another young, high spirited*

fellow, James Clarke, also a free Negro, enlisted in Co. K, 28th Georgia Regiment, and assigned as fifer. He served throughout the war and surrendered at High Point, North Carolina. He applied for a pension in 1904 at age 104. He must have been age 60, at least, when he enlisted.

● *Alexander Harris and his friend George Dwelle entered Confederate service with the First Volunteer Regiment of Georgia. After the War, both entered the ministry and the Reverend Harris was noted for his bravery during the yellow fever epidemic of 1876 in Savannah. Amos Rucker served as a fighting soldier in the 7th Georgia Regiment; and Moses Bentley and his brother were at the Battle of Fredericksburg and helped carry the mortally wounded General Francis S. Bartow from the field. Another Georgia black, Richmond Elder, went to war with his young master, Joe Elder. When Joe was wounded and lay dying, he gave his cap to Richmond. "Keep it for me, Rich," he said. Richmond kept it for 35 years and was buried with it.*

● *In July 1864, C.S.A. Lieutenant Thomas Pelot carried out a surprise raid on the "U.S.S. Water Witch" in Green Island Sound. His pilot, a black named Moses Dallas was shot and killed and Pelot himself lost his life; but just before setting out, Pelot ordered a young black out of the party because of his age. The boy was John H. Deveaux, prominent in politics and founder of the* Savannah Tribune. *He never failed in his regular visits to Pelot's grave in Laurel Grome Cemetary to honor the man who, he believed, had saved his life.*

Northern officers, inspecting the field later, were horrified to find the bodies of feeble old men and "little boys not over fourteen."

● *Col. Chilton, C.S.A., used to tell his son about being with a small force one night when a Yankee raid surprised them. He was wounded and left for dead but his body servant escaped into the woods, returned after dark and carried his master away on his back. He procured a buggy somehow and got the colonel to where he could be cared for. Many years later, Colonel Chilton's son was asked to interview an old black man who had applied for a pension and had mentioned the colonel. The old man told the same stories that the son had heard from his father many times, and he said, "I am more than glad to recommend you, but why did you wait so long to apply?" "Why!" the old man said in surprise, "I didn't need no pension! I was able to make a living, but I broke my leg a couple of years ago and couldn't work any more."*

● *Dick Poplar had been a caterer at the Bollingbroke Hotel in Petersburg where his cornmeal creations were said to be unequaled. He took his culinary genius to war with some Confederate fighting units and was captured at Gettysburg. Sent to Point Lookout Prison, noted for its cruel black guards, he was put under special pressure to desert the Southern Cause and take the oath of allegiance to the U.S., but he treated his oppressors with cold contempt. He declared himself "a Jeff Davis man" and said he didn't care who heard him say so. He endured twenty months of life in one of the three very worst POW camps of the war, selling his famous pones to the other prisoners. He returned to Petersburg after the war, became a celebrated local figure and prospered.*

● *When Frank Isbell's grandfather James Isbell, age 19, mounted his horse to ride off to war from Sumter County, Alabama, Toney climbed up behind him and refused to get down. Nothing but overpowering physical force would have dislodged him and that would have broken his heart and James' too, so together they rode with General Forrest in all his furious fighting, including the disaster at Franklin; and when James, now Captain Isbell, surrendered at Gainesville on May 9, 1865, Toney was still alive at his side. Forty-nine years later James' grandson Frank was teaching an Indian in Oklahoma how to manage a new Ford he had bought from Frank's uncle, when an old white bearded black man happened to pass by. The old man nodded with the courtesy that was commonplace in those times and then his keen eyes snapped back for another look. "What's your name, young man?" he asked. "Frank Isbell; why?" "I knowed it! I knowed it! Capm Isbell's grandson! Lawdy mercy! I'm your FOLKS!" Toney forced young Frank to go home with him for some real Southern cooking and for a long re-run of the old stories he had heard many times from his grandfather.*

● *Griswoldsville was a battle that never got into the history books. Sherman, after burning Atlanta, sent two full army corps toward Macon where the only force that could be mustered against them was a makeshift army of hastily assembled militia and poorly-coordinated groups of old men and under-age boys, including some blacks of various ages. They formed up at Griswoldsville and without even a fence for protection, charged across 800 yards of open field against the fire of repeating rifles and cannon. Northern officers, inspecting the field later, were horrified to find the bodies of feeble old men and "little boys not over fourteen." One youngster, with an arm and a leg broken, lay near the bodies of two brothers, his father and an uncle. What a horrible blunder, even for that war!*

"They knew nothing of fighting," said Colonel Willis, who noted also with surprise that a "number of Africans" had been captured in a ravine from which a heavy return fire had been poured into Northern ranks, from 50 to 100 yards range.

Ten years before, at Balaklava, in a similar monstrous blunder made magnificent by plumed helmets, polished breastplates, flashing sabres and neighing steeds, men made a charge that has been every cavalryman's dream of glory ever since. Four hundred gaily caparisoned young men lay on the floor of the famous "Valley of Death" after that charge. At Griswoldsville, six hundred and fourteen old men in one-gallus britches and ragged kids with dirty faces lay in the weeds of an unnamed and forgotten field after seven charges against an impossible objective. It seems to make a difference what you wear when you participate in a monstrous military blunder.

● *The father of one-time heavyweight champion Jack Johnson served in the Confederate Army and contracted rheumatism from being in the trenches around Atlanta. Could he also have been at Griswoldsville?*

It is too bad that more is not known of the "Africans" captured there. Apparently they fought well.

● *Tom Strother won the affection and admiration of General Richard Taylor whom he served throughout the war. Tom's uncle had served Richard's father, General Zachary Taylor in the Indian Wars and in the war with Mexico, and Tom had served as his uncle's aide-de-camp. He was described as tall, black as ebony and powerful, able to light a fire under the most unfavorable conditions, make the best coffee out of the most unpromising ingredients and put together the best roasts and stews under the worst battle conditions.*

One night at a top level council of war, Tom entered with a pot of coffee and Stonewall Jackson rose and shook his hand. Later he explained this extraordinary gesture. He had come upon Tom in an exposed position and shells were dropping perilously close. He told Tom to get back to a place of safety but Tom said that General Taylor had posted him there and with General Jackson's permission he would stay. Besides, "he will know where to find me." At the war's end, Tom surrendered with General Taylor in Louisiana.

Photo Credit - Patrick Snow and S.A. Bell

● *The saying was that Jackson marched at dawn, unless he started the day before. But whenever he marched, his uniform and accoutrements were ready, his horse saddled and his breakfast cooked; and his orderly and cook, Jim Lewis, was always at hand. In all Jackson's furious marching and counter-marching, advancing, retreating and fighting, weary men straggled and collapsed, supply wagons bogged down and lagged behind but the ammunition wagons and Jim Lewis were always up front with the general. Jim may have been a free black or perhaps a slave who had refused the freedom Jackson offered him. We know that he was inconsolable when the general was killed. In recognition of his outstanding service, Jim was given the honor of leading Jackson's riderless horse, "Little Sorrel," in funeral procession. Any individual of rank in the Confederacy, and many in the Northern forces as well, would have deemed it the highest of honors to lead that horse up Broad Street on that bleak day in Richmond.*

Jim continued service in the war with Jackson's chief staff officer, Sandie Pendleton. When Sandie was killed at Fisher's Hill, Jim carried the sad news back to the Pendleton family in Staunton.

● *On the retreat from Sharpsburg, Captain Dinkins stopped to say a last goodby to his badly-wounded friend Kit Gilmer; but after crossing the swollen Potomac and covering the tortuous forty miles to Winchester, he found that Gilmer had arrived there ahead of him. Gilmer's man Isaac had "borrowed" a horse from a Maryland farmer and in some way known only to himself got his master back to "where dem Yankees couldn't git Marse Kit."*

Dinkins also recalled the experience of thirteen Confederate officers and their servants in the Johnson's Island POW camp. The law allowed prisoners to keep their "personal property" and the North regarded slaves as such but declared that they were not prisoners, had no legal rights and would not be issued rations, thus encouraging blacks to desert. When Confederate officers purchased food and supplies for their servants from the sutler's shack, the commandant closed down the sutler's shack and the officers had to divide their slender rations with their men. The winter of 1863-64 was a dreadful one in Ohio but not one of the thirteen deserted. Special pressure was put on George, servant to Colonel I.G. Steadman. George was repeatedly interviewed and offered freedom, new clothes, good lodgings and excellent wages, or the alternative of starvation with his master. "And what did you say to Major Pearson?" George was asked by his comrades after what turned out to be his last interview. George replied, "I said 'Sir, what you want me to do is desert, and I ain't no deserter. Down South, deserters disgrace their families and I am never going to do that.'" "And what did the major say to that, George?" "He said, 'Git out of here, you damn fool nigger, and rot in prison.'"

● *Many acts of heroism and self sacrifice were performed by black men in occupied areas where the white men were absent at the front; and there were simple acts, resulting from a flash of brilliance, such as performed by a slave boy of the Swetman family in Mississippi. A detail of Yankee soldiers had captured an alleged spy and were preparing to hang him when the boy quickly took in the situation and went*

into a song and dance that so absorbed the attention of the Yankees that the spy was able to slip away. He was never re-captured.

Yankees who came South, smug in the conviction that they knew all the answers to the problems of human relationships (and everything else) never realized that they had been outsmarted time and again by clever slaves.

- *A black named Hunter went into battle with his master, Horace Beneaux, in the first engagement of Captain Rief's cavalry company, Fayetteville, Arkansas. Acting as advance guard for General McCulloch's army in Missouri, Beneaux, Hunter and two others were proceeding on foot when they were attacked by enemy horsemen one of whom rode at Hunter and slashed him on the head and arm, then rode at Private Joe M. Scott with upraised sabre. While Scott held off his attacker with his bayonet, Hunter seized his rifle and shot the man. Horses were brought up for the Confederates but the enemy opened with a four gun battery and some of the horses bolted. Hunter helped an exhausted trooper up behind Scott, mounted his own horse, pulled his master up behind him and put into operation that well-known plan of getting out of there.*
- *The blacks of the Coney family in Louisiana showed both ingenuity and organizational ability. They set up an early warning system with a boy on a mule at each crossroads. Upon sighting one of the frequent groups of Yankee horsemen, a boy would gallop in shouting, "Damyankees a-comin'! Pour the milk down the well!" The live stock would be hidden. The girls of the family would hang silverware and other small articles of value inside their hoop skirts and would be sitting demurely in the parlor when the raiding party clattered up.*

Leaving the outside to the enlisted men, the officers would search the house inside, ostensibly looking for weapons and hidden soldiers but actually looking for valuables. The hoopskirt hideaway became a general practice in the area until the Yankees caught on. They would threaten and the girls (after weeping and other delaying tactics) would give up some of the less valuable items. The raiders knew they had little time. The blacks always dispatched a boy to notify the local guard unit consisting of old men, disabled veterans and boys, who often were able to fire a volley from the woods before the party got away. Meantime the slaves would greet their "liberators" with broad grins of welcome and show a laudable spirit of "helpfulness" but somehow always bungled up things, became mysteriously bewildered and misdirected the searchers. Often the party had to gallop off empty handed, cursing "the dumb niggers" who fouled up the operation. Yankees who came South, smug in the conviction that they knew all the answers to the problems of human relationships (and everything else) never realized that they had been outsmarted time and again by clever slaves.

- *Thousands of white men marched off to war and left their families, homes and all their possessions in the care of trusted slaves. It is often said, without contradiction, that there was never a violation of this sacred trust. One such trusted slave was "Uncle Billy," who belonged to Micajah Davis of Bedford County Virginia, customs collector for the Confederacy. When General Hunter raided the defenseless Valley, Davis had to flee with his official records, leaving all else he had behind. On his return after the War, Uncle Billy took him outside, stretched one string between two trees and another string between two other trees. Where the strings crossed, he dug up all the family possessions intact.*
- *A trusteeship with a less happy outcome involved the Hemphill estate in South Carolina. Robert Hemphill was known to be wealthy, and a raiding party from Sherman's army found the estate in care of Burrell Himphill, a trusted slave. The raiders resorted to torture to force Burrell to tell where his master's valuables were hidden but nothing could make him betray his trust. They finally hung him to a tree and riddled his body with bullets, all in the presence of Robert Hemphill's twelve-year-old son. There is a monument there now to the memory of Burrell Hemphill, suitably inscribed with the manner of his death. There is also a monument at Fort Mill, South Carolina, to honor ten faithful slaves of Samuel White and McKee Spratt, Confederate officers.*

A detail of Yankee soldiers had captured an alleged spy and were preparing to hang him when the boy quickly took in the situation and went into a song and dance that so absorbed the attention of the Yankees that the spy was able to slip away.

- *Capt. C.R. Mason had a crew of highly skilled, thoroughly trained blacks who built bridges as if by magic for Stonewall Jackson's lightning maneuvers. Mason himself was a fabulous figure. He left home at the age of eight, taught himself engineering and made a fortune building railroads, the new mode of transportation. At age 61, he volunteered as a private but Jackson added him to his staff. In one emergency, some engineers were drawing plans for a bridge when Mason reported, "The bridge is ready, General, but the pictures ain't finished yet." His engineering firm was carried on by his grandsons and built such masterpieces as the George Washington Bridge over the Hudson River. When he died in 1886, his friend Dr. Hunter McGuire said, "Captain Mason has bridged his last river." But it was old Alex Street, member of Mason's crew and lifelong friend, who pronounced his real epitaph: "They don't make men like Capm Mason no more," said old Alex, "The Lawd takes the same material and makes five, maybe ten men out'n it."*

● *Fifty miles below Lexington, Virginia, home of Stonewall Jackson, the Roanoke Fifth Avenue Church has a stained glass window that depicts a field with a river running by and a woods beyond. A row of tents appears on the field with stacked arms in front. Below an inscription reads, "Let us cross (over) the river and rest in the shade of the trees," the last words of Jackson. The window was installed forty years after the War by the Reverend L.L. Downing and his congregation, all black. The window has had a charmed life. It has survived fires and two devastating strokes of lightning, a memorial that Jackson would indeed value.*

Nothing but overpowering physical force would have dislodged him and that would have broken his heart and James' too, so together they rode with General Forrest in all his furious fighting, including the disaster of Franklin...

The spirit of friendship that had always existed in the South between the white race and the black was able to survive the War and the post War efforts of the Thaddeus Stevens-Charles Sumner clique to destroy the white South in the mistaken belief that the blacks could be encouraged to lend their assistance. John F. Harris, black Republican delegate to the Mississippi legislature from Washington County, was an eloquent example of a relationship that could not easily be extinguished.

On February 11, 1890, an appropriation for a monument to the Confederate dead was being considered and one delegate had just spoken against it. John F. Harris rose to speak. *Mr. Speaker, I have come from a sick bed. Perhaps it was not prudent for me to come. But, Sir, I could not rest quietly in my room without contributing a few remarks of my own. I was sorry to hear the speech of the young gentleman from Marshall County. I am sorry that any son of a soldier should go on record as opposed to the erection of a monument in honor of the brave dead. And, Sir, I am convinced that had he seen what I saw at Seven Pines and in the Seven Days fight around Richmond, the battlefield covered with the mangled forms of those who fought for their country and their country's honor, he would not have made that speech.*

When the news came that the South had been invaded, those men went forth to fight for what they believed, and they made no request for monuments. But they died and their virtues should be remembered. Sir, I went with them. I, too, wore the gray, the same color my master wore. We stayed four long years, and if that war had gone on till now I would have been there yet. I want to honor those brave men who died for their convictions. When my mother died I was a boy. Who, Sir, then acted the part of a mother to the orphaned slave boy, — who but my 'old missus'? Were she living now, or could speak to me from those high realms where are gathered the sainted dead, she would tell me to vote for this bill. And, Sir, I shall vote for it. I want it known to all the world that my vote is given in favor of the bill to erect a monument in honor of the Confederate dead.

When the applause died down, the bill passed overwhelmingly. Every black delegate voted "Aye!" ☆

SOURCES INCLUDE THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES AND PERSONAL TESTIMONY:

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Morton W. McInvale, *Georgia Historical Quarterly.*
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Glen L. Swetman, Biloxi, Mississippi.
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John Anderson Morrow, Clinton, South Carolina.
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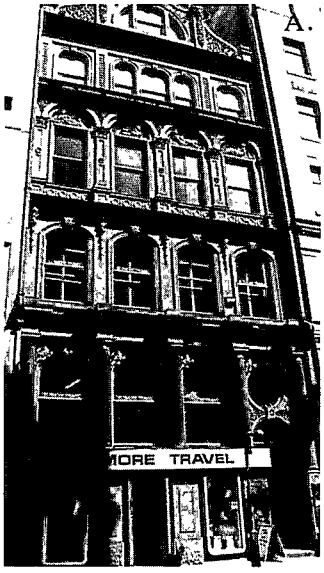
Francis Springer, who lived in New York too many years to mention, has retired to Virginia where he spends his time needling newspaper editors with conservative comments that are never published.

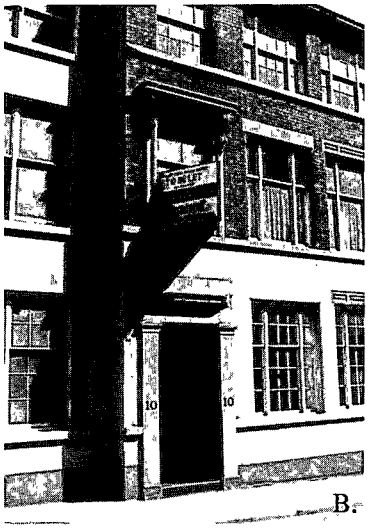
A - The "Crooked Billet," one-time meeting place for Confederate sympathizers, now a pub

B - Once home of Charles Proileau of the firm of South Carolina Financiers Fraser Trenholm, now part of Liverpool University

C - 19 Abercrombie Square, Liverpool

Anne Grimshaw, a professional librarian and bibliographer, is the English Ambassador to the CSA. Her duties include frequent touring of Southern battlefields and writing articles for *The Southern Partisan*.





THE SUBTLE HINTS ARE NOT IMMEDIATELY OBVIOUS BUT CLOSE INSPECTION REVEALS THE STARS CARVED IN STONE OVER THE PORTICO OF A FIRST FLOOR WINDOW AND AROUND THE PILLARS OF THE IMPOSING FRONT ENTRANCE.

LIVERPOOL'S LOST LINKS

By Anne Grimshaw

It looked just like an old building — a trifle shabby and down-at-heel with a "to let" sign over the open door which led to what had once probably been a spacious hallway with a curving staircase now crudely divided into offices each with its door firmly closed. Dull red paint peeled off the walls. The stairs were covered with fraying linoleum. A notice on an upstairs wall announced "No entry. Building unsafe." There was no doubt about it: No. 10 Rumford Place had seen better days. Any semblance of its former glory was long since gone. Any "vibes" from the past had long been muted.

Across the narrow street was a new building, "Richmond House" — was that mere coincidence or had someone known that in the early 1860's Rumford Place buzzed with concealed excitement and was a hive of semi-secret pro-South activity? No. 10 had been the Liverpool offices of Fraser Trenholm & Co., a branch of John Fraser & Co., merchants of Charleston, South Carolina, who were to finance the building of blockade runners and warships in the Liverpool shipyards for the Confederate States of America. But England did not officially recognize Jefferson Davis' Confederacy and hedged her bets awaiting the outcome of ensuing battles.

However, those who saw an opportunity to make money were not so slow, and besides, the mood of Lancashire was largely pro-Confederate. They needed the cotton in the textile towns whose workers were impoverished and the only way to get it was to bust the Federal blockade around Southern ports with Liverpool-built ships which, in turn, would earn money for the port, get the cotton mills working again, furnish the beleagured South with much needed supplies and make a handsome profit for their owners.

It was here at No. 10 Rumford Place, under the auspices of its manager and partner in charge of the Liverpool branch, a South Carolinian, Charles K. Proileau, that many of the letters, financial and operational records, accounts, and cashbooks were written and contracts signed. Many of these are now housed across the city in the Merseyside County Archives Department. (Perhaps it speaks for itself with regard to the city's allegiance that in a three-sheet inventory of material on Liverpool's connections with the Civil War, documents relating to the Union viewpoint are listed in just four lines.) It is only relatively recently that Merseyside County Council managed to acquire these papers, for it was long believed that they had been destroyed to cover up any evidence which could possibly give rise to repercussions from Fraser Trenholm having been regarded as something of a 'depository' of the Confederate treasury and deeply involved in providing funds for the South for material, ships and supplies on the basis of its strong commercial standing.

After the war and the collapse of the Confederacy, Fraser Trenholm went into liquidation and Charles Proileau moved to London where he set up in business taking with him records and correspondence from Fraser Trenholm. No doubt he hastily destroyed much of this possibly "incriminating evidence" but what remains is, nevertheless, fascinating. Some papers are hard to read now but others are as clear as when they were first written. Some are mere business deals such as that regarding payment for the steam yacht *Ceres:*

Liverpool, January 25 1864
Messrs. Gosling & Sharp,
Bankers,
London.

Gentlemen,
Enclosed I hand your cheque on the Bank of England for five thousand five hundred pounds £5,500 which please place at credit of Lord Brownlow being in payment for the steam yacht 'Ceres', and acknowledged receipt to me by return post.
Lord Wm. Compton informs me that he has requested you to advise Mr. Geo. Bridges Southampton of this payment and you will confer a favour by doing so by telegraph.
Yours respectfully,

C.K. Proileau

10 Rumford Place

Others are more vivid such as a long letter from a partner in the firm, Theodore Dehon Wagner, who was also married to a Trenholm. Perhaps the most evocative is that describing the shelling of Charleston before its evacuation on 17 February 1865:

"...the shelling is daily getting higher up town, it has passed Calhoun Street... about 300 houses have been struck but only 10 in all burnt... Sumter holds out... so long as Sumter is held... I do not think the monsters will be able to come up to the City."

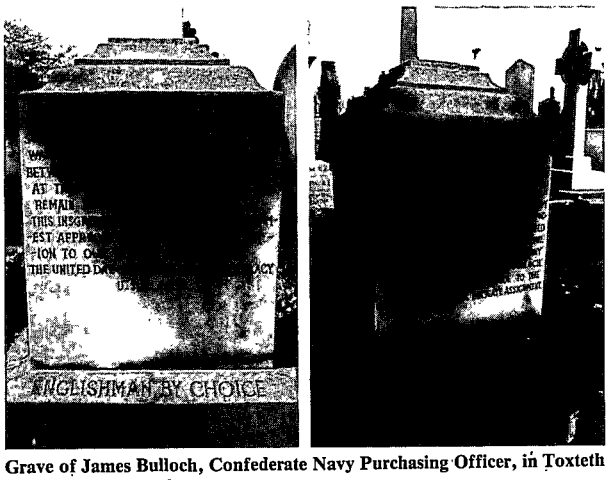
By "monsters" the writer does, of course, refer to the encroaching Yankees. He goes on to cite the courage and tenacity of Southern women:

"...the contentment of our women driven as they have been from their quiet homes and comforts suffering all privations both in their dress and food, they wear for the former the homespun of the country and for the latter dry food, many very many never more than once a week tasting meat and never seeing sugar and coffee, and these people who have always had comforts in every way, yet with it all we bear no complaint..."

Before the course of events forced Charles Proileau's move to London, he enjoyed a few years at his elegant house, 19 Abercromby Square. This house is now part of the School of Educational Studies, Liverpool University, and can be visited by appointment. The original plans were drawn up by the architectural firm of Culshaws and are dated 1862 with alterations in the height of the facade the following year. However, it is the decorative features which those "in the know" recognize as the "Southern Connection" and which, until fairly recently, had remained a mystery.

The subtle hints are not immediately obvious but close inspection reveals the stars carved in stone over the portico of a first-floor window and around the pillars of the imposing front entrance. The former represents the single white star of South Carolina as depicted on: "The Bonnie Blue Flag That bears a single star!" and the latter represents the Seceded Southern states as they appeared on different versions of the Confederate flag.

To the casual observer there's nothing remarkable about the entrance lobby — until you look up. Perhaps in need of cleaning now and ruined by the installation of a light fitting at its center is painted a palmetto, the state tree of South Carolina, with a serpent entwined



Grave of James Bulloch, Confederate Navy Purchasing Officer, in Toxteth Cemetery, Liverpool

around its base — perhaps symbolic of the Federal stranglehold on the South?

Once inside, the grand entrance hall is surrounded by a ballustraded, galleried staircase lit by a skylight of colored glass. In adjoining rooms the frescoed ceilings reveal more links with Proileau not the least of which is a presumed portrait of his wife, Mary Elizabeth, for whom the house was built, and who was a noted belle of Liverpool society of the 1860's. Her initials and those of her husband decorate the central circular fresco. Charles Proileau himself took out British citizenship in 1863. In the quietness of Abercromby Square with the sunshine highlighting the stars in the stonework, it is perhaps more possible than at Rumford place to feel that even now the struggle for the Southern cause lingers on.

Just a short walk from Abercromby Square, along Oxford Street, heading back towards the docks (and a good deal less elegant) stood, until a few months ago, No. 6, which was known as Mrs. Stanley's Boarding House, a hostel-cum-refuge for Confederate seamen and sailors. How many of the men now working on the site bulldozing the last remains of No. 6 realize that it once echoed with the rousing chorus of "Dixie" after Southern sailors had spent an evening drinking their way through the many pubs from the docks to Mrs. Stanley's? The deafening racket of the excavator and the digger put paid to any flights of imagination.

Another building which met the same fate as Mrs. Stanley's was the Duke Hotel, a meeting place for Confederate sympathizers. However, not far from the site of the Duke Hotel stands Mason's Building in Exchange Street East. (Whether this has any connection with James M. Mason, the Confederate commissary who, with Confederate diplomat, John Slidell, was involved in the infamous "Trent" affair, is not known.) In the basement of Mason's Building is a pub known as the "Crooked Billet." A plaque on the wall commemorates its heyday as a hotbed for Southern sympathizers. Only a block or two away from Rumford Place these streets must have been thronged with the wheelers and dealers of war.

It doesn't take much imagination sitting there in the saloon bar of the "Crooked Billet" to hear again the accents of South Carolina, Georgia or Alabama, see the whiskered faces through the haze of tobacco smoke as Havanas were lit and drawn, listen to the hasty, semi-secret business deals culminated in a handshake and a drink ordered at the gaslit bar, note the wide-brimmed straw hats hung on bentwood hat stands and watch shadowy figures almost merge into the dark, flock-wallpapered walls and slip out between brass-handled, frosted-glass panelled doors to heaven knows where.

At least one person from the twentieth century must have had the same ideas, for beyond the main bar was another, noisy with disco music, but labeled "Scarlett's Bar."

From the noise and bustle of the city center, a bus ride to the now run-down suburb of Toxteth, revealed another link with the Confederacy. In the cemetery on Smithdown Road, once the burial place for the prosperous, wealthy and notable of Liverpool, is the grave of Confederate Navy purchasing officer, James Dunwoodie Bulloch. A small, insignificant cross set among the stone angels, pillars and imposing monuments, bear an inscription paid for by the United Daughters of the Confederacy as recently as 1968:

"Commander James Dunwoodie Bulloch a little-known officer of the U.S. Navy, he rose to fame when at the outbreak of the War Between The States (1861-1865) he resigned and accepted service in the Confederate States of America.

He was appointed envoy to England by Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and authorized to obtain aid in building a navy for the C.S.A. Working in Liverpool and many other cities and major ports, Bulloch gave monumental service to the Confederacy in this delicate assignment.

Strong ties of common ancestry existed between the Confederate states and the Mother Country. Warm ties of friendship developed between Bulloch and the English people. At the end of the war, he chose to remain in Liverpool.

This inscription is dedicated with warmest appreciation and highest admiration to our mutual countryman.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy U.S.A. 1968.

American by birth: Englishman by choice."

Confederate Liverpool would not be complete without a mention of the Mersey, the river along which the trade with America was carried out and where the blockade runners were built and launched. But sadly there isn't much to see. Specification books of Jones, Quiggin & Co. (Shipbuilders) from the years 1855-65 include several blockade runners; papers in the Archives Department include an agreement with Jones & Quiggin to build the paddle steamer "Banshee" in 1862 and for her engines and boilers with H.M. Lawrence & Co., also a Liverpool firm. But no tangible evidence remains.

Across the Mersey in Birkenhead is the slipway where "No. 290" was built and launched. "No. 290" was better known as the *Alabama*. She's a whole story in herself! The river is quiet now, no longer a vital throbbing port and shipbuilding center. The Mersey still flows out into the Irish Sea and then to the Atlantic as it did when the *Alabama*, alias *Enrica*, sailed on 29 July 1862 with Captain M.J. Butcher, a Cunard officer, in command to go to a rendezvous. She lay off Anglesey for two days then entered the Irish Sea and headed for the Azores. With Captain Raphael Semmes in command she was formally commissioned as the Confederate States cruiser *Alabama* on 24 August. She was joined in the Azores by the bark *Agrippina* bringing her armaments and stores and the steamship

Bahama on which her officers and most of her crew had come out from England. From then on she became the scourge of the Yankee Navy. And maybe the song still echoes over the water:

When the Alabama's keel was laid,
Roll, Alabama, roll!
T'was laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,
Oh, roll, Alabama roll!

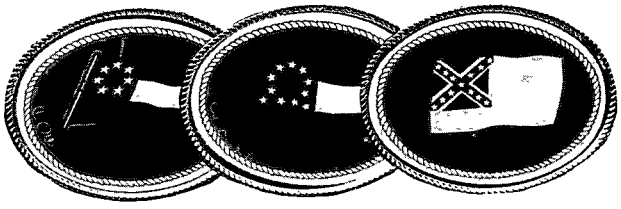
Down the Mersey she rolled then,
Roll, Alabama, roll!
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men,
Roll, Alabama, roll!

But even when the war was nearly over Liverpool did not forget her allegiance to the South and continued her support. In the imposing St. George's Hall between 18 and 21 October 1864 a "Bazaar and Fancy Fair in Aid of the Southern Prisoners Relief Fund " was held. Prior to its opening a publication entitled "1864 Lays of the South" was issued and mention was made of the event in the *Liverpool Mercury*.

And there are still those around who haven't forgotten and are prepared to seek out Liverpool's lost links in a "Confederate trail" and make sure the Southern flag is still flying. ☆

A SERIES OF EIGHT BUCKLES DEPICTING THE FLAGS USED DURING THE CIVIL WAR

COLLECT ALL STARTING WITH THESE



These flags were selected to be included in this collection because of their popularity and color combinations.

Measuring a full 2¾" x 3¾", these oval buckles will fit any 1½" leather belt and although they look great with jeans, they will add a touch of "Confederate Class" to any casual outfit. Since the buckles are not available in any store they are being offered at a special price of $8.95 each. The demand for these buckles will be great and all orders will be processed on an "as received" basis.

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SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

ROBERT E. LEE
Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as a man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing, and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones.
James Arthur Lyon Fremantle, Lt-Col., Coldstream Guards

THE PRESS
Truthful as a Cretan! Courageous as Falstaff! Independent as Uriah Heep!
William Cowper Brann

THE WAY IT WAS
I never yet saw a native American begging in the streets or highways.
Thomas Jefferson

PATRONAGE
To the victor belongs the spoils.
President Andrew Jackson
My friends are just as capable of handling jobs as my enemies.
Buford Ellington, Governor of Tennessee 1967-1971

THE CAUSE
A lost cause! If lost it was false; if true, it was not lost.
Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia 1856-1860

STONEWALL JACKSON
Not only with the army, but with people of the South, his influence while he lived was very great. From him thousands and ten thousands of Confederate soldiers learned the self-denial which is the root of all religion...
Col. George F.R. Henderson, professor, Royal Military College.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

For membership information write:
General William D. McCain
Box 5164, Southern Station
Hattiesburg, MS 39401

PROCLAIM YOUR HERITAGE

This is first in a two-part series on The Copperheads

FOR NON-SOUTHERNERS, TAKING THE CONFEDERATE SIDE REQUIRED A SPECIAL KIND OF BRAVERY. SOUTHERN SYMPATHIZERS WERE CALLED COPPERHEADS BY THEIR ENEMIES, REFERRING TO THE VENOMOUS SNAKE. TO THEIR FRIENDS, HOWEVER, THE TINY COPPER COIN WORN BY NORTHERN FRIENDS OF THE SOUTHERN CAUSE WAS A TRUE BADGE OF LIBERTY AND COURAGE.

THE COPPERHEADS A BADGE OF LIBERTY

By Richard T. Hines and Stephen Page Smith

Copperheads... That's what their Radical enemies called them, and the name stuck. The name, even today, conjures up the image of a snake, eager to strike at the Union cause. Such disparate personalities as Walt Whitman and John Sherman poured out their fiercest epithets not on their declared Confederate enemies in the field, but upon their fellow Northerners who expressed reservations about increasingly Radical Northern war aims and the steadily more barbarous conduct of the Union armies. Henry Cabot Lodge, the elder, a boy during the war, wrote in his memoirs that he "could never remember hearing...bitter words about the soldiers of the Confederacy," which contrasted markedly with "the bitterness which was expressed in regard to Northern men with Southern sympathies."

Who were these "Northern men with Southern sympathies," these "Copperheads" who were so despised by Unionists? Strictly applied, the term refers to those citizens of the free states of the Ohio Valley who inclined to the Confederate cause, or who at least favored continuing the Union by some means other than a fearfully bloody war. In practice, the term came to be applied to all in the North — including an ex-President and major literary figures — who refused their full approval of the whole Radical Republican program for war and Reconstruction. Thus the category by some measures included almost half the population of the North. And as for the term "Copperhead" itself, it actually had a rather noble origin. The old style "large cents" that were minted before the introduction of the "Indian head pen-

nies" had the Head of Liberty as the obverse design. Anti-Lincoln Northerners cut out these "copper heads" and wore them proudly in their lapels—the badge of Liberty.

There were various reasons why many Northerners were unenthusiastic about a brutal war against their erstwhile Southern countrymen. In the Middle West, where such sentiments ran deepest, there was a widespread belief that the war had been fomented by New Englanders: by fanatical abolitionists thirsty for blood and by greedy manufacturers and merchants hoping for war profits. Also, the population of the Ohio Valley north of the river contained a large element of fairly recent Southern immigrants, who retained the ideals and mores of their homeland in Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky. Furthermore, there was a deep unease about the consequences of emancipation, when that became an apparent Northern war aim.

Other areas of the North had their own reasons for deploring the fighting. War profits may have come later, but the most immediate effect on New England was a disastrous loss of Southern trade, resulting in idle cotton mills and empty wharves. The Middle Atlantic states, particularly New Jersey, had exhibited anti-Lincoln leanings in the 1860 elections. When the privations and sufferings of war lay heavy on the land, local opposition political leaders in those states were able to turn the administration's difficulties to their own advantage. But most troubling of all, thoughtful citizens everywhere in the North watched with dread as government grew ever more centralized and civil liberties were trampled under arbitrary military rule. There was more than ample reason for conservative Northern unionists to fear and resist the new nation that was being built for them and to long for the Old Republic of the pre-war days.

At the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, pro-Confederate or anti-Lincoln feeling ran so high in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, that for a time some people thought that the frontier of the Confederacy might actually be established north of the Ohio River. Nowhere was this feeling stronger than in the "Little Egypt" section of southern Illinois. Cairo, the town at the very southern tip of the state, where the Ohio met the Mississippi, was literally closer to Vicksburg than to Chicago. The crucial strategic importance of Cairo was recognized by both sides, but the North moved first. Illinois Governor Richard Yates dispatched state militia troops to the town, which they occupied on April 23, just ahead of General Gideon Pillow, commanding Confederate forces moving up the Mississippi.

But the occupation of Cairo alone could not secure southern Illinois from Confederate sympathy and influence. Reports reached Springfield and Washington that Confederate recruiting was being openly conducted in the area, with hundreds of volunteers flocking to the secession banner. Mass meetings in several counties adopted resolutions in which the "Egyptians" made clear their disinclination to fight for abolition and coercion of the South. Downstate legislators, led by State Senator W.H. Green, boldly urged separation of southern Illinois from the rest of the state and its entry into the Confederacy. An editorial in the Belleville (Illinois) *Democrat* at the time of the secession crisis deplored Northern provocation of the South, whose rights had been "defiantly trampled underfoot." Forced to the choice between secession and submission, Southerners had "justice and right on their side." The *Democrat* concluded, "We cannot see how they will ingloriously submit." In a similar vein, the Cairo *Gazette* proclaimed, "The sympathies of our people are mainly with the South." Other newspapers in the region openly bruited the notion of forming a "Northwest Confederacy" allied with the South or acting as a mediator between the more extreme elements in the Northeast and South.

There was more than ample reason for conservative Northern unionists to fear and resist the new nation that was being built for them and to long for the Old Republic of the pre-war days.

Pro-Confederate utterances not only abounded in print, but were made in person as well. Former Illinois Governor John Reynolds trumpeted that "the revolution in the South is the greatest demonstration of human greatness and grandeur that was ever performed on the globe." Congressman John A. Logan, a Democrat whose district included "Little Egypt," confessed the shame he felt at being a Northerner in the sectional conflict. Logan saw, correctly, the parallels between the uprisings of 1775 and 1861, yet he stopped short of approving secession.

Thus, the Ohio Valley in general and southern Illinois in particular exhibited an extremely volatile range of opinion when the electrifying news of Fort Sumter came. The immediate effect of the outbreak of actual hostilities was to put a damper on pro-Confederate activity. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's rival for the Senate in 1858 and for the Presidency in 1860, returned from Washington to solidify Illinois for the Union. In the few weeks remaining before his death, Douglas succeeded in swinging opinion in Illinois behind Lincoln and the war effort. Congressman Logan, too, put his vacillations behind him and embraced the Union cause. He joined in the active fighting and ultimately became a general in the Northern army.

Throughout the Ohio Valley, where there had been bitter division before Sumter, there was relative unity of purpose and opinion once the "shooting war" had started. But when it became apparent that the war would be a long and bloody one, that the war aim would be broadened beyond mere restoration of the Union, and that virtually any expediency would be resorted to by the Lincoln administration to accomplish its objectives, then the old doubts returned, not only in the Middle West, but throughout the Northern states. The Radical Republicans brooked not the slightest opposition, and equated the merest dissent with treasonous "disloyalty." The state was set for a massive assault on civil liberties and a vast expansion of arbitrary governmental powers.

In the North, very early in the war, the mere expression of opinion that someone, usually a military officer, deemed "disloyal" took on serious consequences. Present-day First Amendment enthusiasts would be shocked if they knew the largely-forgotten story of the stifling of free speech during the war years. As early as August, 1861, the outright suppression of newspapers had begun in earnest. That month, the Brooklyn *Eagle* the New York *Journal of Commerce,* and the New York *Daily News,* as well as newspapers in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, felt the displeasure of Federal authorities for the publication of unapproved news and opinion. Sometimes the offending journalists suffered personally. The editor of the Essex County *Democrat* in Haverhill, Massachusetts, was tarred and feathered in August, 1861, because of what his Yankee neighbors perceived as pro-Southern leanings.

Lincoln was not averse to exercising any power, Constitutional or not, that advanced his goal of subjugating the

In a chilling preview of twentieth-century totalitarianism, Stanton once told a visitor to his office, when pointing out an object on his desk, "If I tap that little bell, I can send you to a place where you will never hear the dogs bark."

Edwin M. Stanton

Confederacy. As a prime example of this, on September 24, 1862, Lincoln ordered suspension of the granting of writs of *habeas corpus* for those persons deemed guilty of "discouraging volunteer enlistments, resisting militia drafts, or guilty of any disloyal practice affording comfort to Rebels." Vast areas of Union states, as well as of the occupied Confederacy, were subject to martial law, with military tribunals taking the place of civil courts, ordering arbitrary arrests and meting out summary punishments.

Internal security during the Lincoln administration was the responsibility of the malevolent Edwin M. Stanton, who became Secretary of War in early 1862. Stanton was obsessed with crushing those he thought were enemies of the Union. In a chilling preview of twentieth-century totalitarianism, Stanton once told a visitor to his office, when pointing out an object on his desk, "If I tap that little bell, I can send you to a place where you will never hear the dogs bark." By one post-war estimate, 38,000 citizens were subjected to military arrest and imprisonment during the course of the war.

The Northern people's frustrations with the privations of war and the administration's tamperings with their liberties were reflected in the elections in the autumn of 1862. The opposition Democrats made broad gains in New York, New Jersey, and Wisconsin. Democrat Horatio Seymour was elected governor of New York, in which office he became a steady critic of the administration and the war. The Democrats gained control of the Indiana and Illinois legislatures and Congressional delegations. The Republicans recorded some offsetting gains in California, Michigan, and New England, and also in some areas of the border states where elections were conducted under the bayonets of Federal troops. Following the election, Governor Yates of Illinois wrote to his Indiana counterpart, Oliver P. Morton, "The legislature is a wild, rampant, revolutionary body." But, following the examples of their mentors in Washington, Governors Yates and Morton demonstrated they knew how to deal with the people's representatives.

Morton, who was to earn the sobriquet "Dictator" for his successful efforts to suppress representative government in Indiana, had good reason to fear the assembling of his state's legislature. He informed Stanton: "I am advised that it is contemplated when the legislature meets in this State to pass a joint resolution acknowledging the Southern Confederacy and urging the States of the Northwest to dissolve all Constitutional relations with the New England States. The same things is on foot in Illinois." Morton avoided such a dread happening by causing the Republican minority in the legislature to absent themselves, preventing the assembling of a quorum.

Governor Yates, Morton's neighbor to the west, attained the purpose of preventing his legislature from meeting for two years by seizing on a legal technicality that allowed the governor to adjourn the legislature when the two houses did not agree on a date between themselves. Outraged Illinois Democrats gathered 40,000 strong--an enormous crowd for that time--in a mass rally at Springfield. The meeting adopted resolutions asserting that Constitutional liberties continued in force in wartime, and declaring that "further offensive prosecution of this war tends to subvert the Constitution and the government, and shall entail upon this nation all the disastrous consequences of misrule and anarchy."

In early 1863 still more newspapers were suppressed—in Philadelphia, Ohio, and Iowa. The Lincoln Administration increasingly followed a policy of rule or ruin, and its opponents increasingly feared that ruin would indeed be the outcome: possible defeat and subjugation of the South as conquered territory, but at what price? The loss of personal and local liberties to a unitary state. A program so perceived could only provoke outrage in a large body of patriotic Americans, and their foremost spokesman was the redoubtable Representative Clement Laird Vallandigham of Ohio.

Nationalist historians of the late nineteenth century regarded Vallandigham as, at best, a fanatic and a fool, or, at worst, a conspirator and a traitor. More objective latter-day scholars have seen him as a principled conservative, steeped in the Burkean tradition and distressed over the radical transformation of American government and society. The absence of the Southern conservatives from Washington had allowed the Radical minority temporarily to become the majority, and they were hastening to carry out their domestic agenda while their good fortune lasted.

The new nation wrought by the Radicals had for its paragons the corrupt contractors and speculators of the war time, and the "Robber Barons" of the succeeding Gilded Age. To contrast the old American republic with the new, one has only to compare President Washington with President Grant.

It was against two inexorable tides that Vallandigham struggled. During the last of his three terms in the House of Representatives, before the Republican-controlled Ohio legislature gerrymandered his district away from him, Vallandigham was the administration's fiercest congressional critic.

Clement Laird Vallandigham

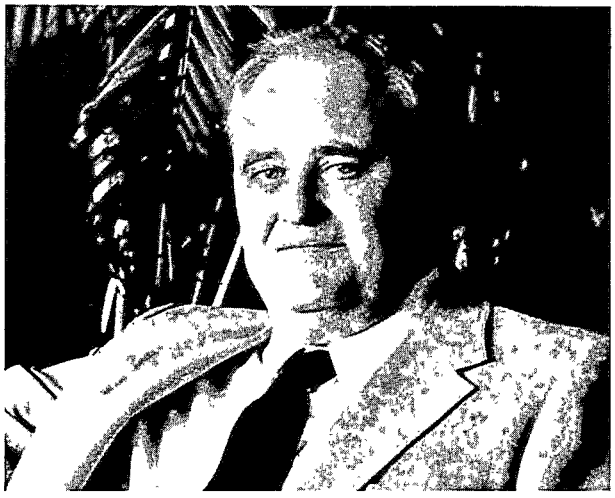
"Money you have expended without limit," he charged the Radicals, "and blood poured out like water. Defeat, debt, taxation, and sepulchers — these are your only trophies."

"Money you have expended without limit," he charged the Radicals, "and blood poured out like water. Defeat, debt, taxation, and sepulchers—these are your only trophies." No one could rise to refute the charge, and defeat in the 1862 elections did not silence his voice ☆

NOTE: Next time, Part II in this series will describe the heroic deeds of the Copperheads.

Richard Hines and Stephen Page Smith are Confederate spies now living near the Union's capital. They send frequent dispatches to the *Partisan*, some of them in code.

PARTISAN CONVERSATION



M. E. Bradford, Professor of Politics and Literature at the University of Dallas, is generally regarded as the most important philosopher the South has produced since Richard Weaver.

The author of three volumes of political thought and several truckloads of literary criticism on Southern writers, he is a frequent lecturer, television pundit, and has engaged in formal debate with scholars who have presumed to challenge the South's view of American political history. In these debates--none of which has yet ended in a duel—he has shown such wit and knowledge that on at least one occasion his enemies actually conceded his victory, speculating gloomily that he must have memorized the entire American microfiche collection. Indeed some of his greatest admirers are scholars like Eugene Genevese who disagree with him on virtually every important point but nonetheless respect his keen integrity and fair-minded dissent.

The occasion for this interview is the publication in early summer of a new volume of political essays entitled *Remembering Who We Are* (Publisher: The University of Georgia Press, Athens, Georgia 30602); but in a frank, free-ranging discussion Professor Bradford talks not only about the book but also about current politics, the region's recent history, and the difficulties he has encountered as a Southern conservative in a profession dominated by Northern liberals.

Professor Bradford was interviewed in his study in Irving, Texas by Associate Editor Tom Landess, who knows too much about him not to get straight answers.

PARTISAN: This is your third political book in the past five years, yet your academic discipline is Southern literature. You've published even more in that area than you have in politics. So why are you now regarded as "M.E. Bradford, the political philosopher"?
BRADFORD: I think it's probably because people in the intellectual establishment get more excited about heresies of political theory than they do over heresies buried down inside a work of fiction. These people

could care less about the social implications of Faulkner's *The Reivers* or of Stark Young's *So Red The Rose;* too often they're contemptuous of literature, or to put it another way, they don't feel threatened by fringe comments on novelists who are outside of their own established canon, from Thoreau and Norman Mailer.

PARTISAN: But when you say something about Lincoln, that excites them.

BRADFORD: Oh, my, yes.

PARTISAN: Let's talk about some of your heresies. You're "anti-ideological." In fact, a good deal of your political philosophy is directed against the modern preoccupation with an abstraction like equality. Why is that the case?

BRADFORD: I think I write so much about political theory because in our time you have to struggle constantly to keep from being overwhelmed by the political side of things, the cost of which is living under someone else's politics. In our day, politics is the queen of the sciences and if you're engaged in the study of literature or sociology or theology eventually everyone forces you to relate your discipline to politics.

PARTISAN: There's nothing wrong, is there, with politics in the old Aristotelian sense? You're talking about "ideological" politics. So how would you distinguish between the two?

BRADFORD: Well, in making this distinction I like to use a phrase borrowed from the British political theorist Michael Oakeshott, who said that modern politics is "teleocratic," that is, it is oriented toward accomplishing certain utopian ends, forcing everybody into conformity with some grand scheme or plan designed to do us good whether we like it or not.

PARTISAN: These schemes are always abstract, aren't they?

BRADFORD: As a matter of fact, they are like the vast plans conjured up by the Projectors in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*--they float around on a big flying island and send messages down to the poor folk below, whom they threaten to squash if they're not obedient. What they send down are schemes for converting dung into gold, making water flow uphill, and other worthy projects.

PARTISAN: Another one of your heresies is your distrust of "absolute democracy." You believe in democracy that's qualified by certain specific restrictions and you tend to view the founding of the American Republic as a "not-so-democratic" occasion. How are we not as democratic as some people would like to think we are?

BRADFORD: Well, people who wish to make us out democratic simply take American politics to be derived from one sentence in the Declaration of Independence, abstracted from the rest of that document and understood in a certain pernicious way--all men are created equal. That's all the politics we seem to have these days, yet the Constitution ignores that sort of premise and says almost nothing about equality. And the people who drew it up made it the premise of their labor that unbridled democracy was terrible and was to be avoided at all costs. They met in Philadelphia in order to check or halt the excesses of democracy. Instead, they hoped to create something that would prevent it from ever coming into being. I am undemocratic in that spirit.

PARTISAN: How did the Founding Fathers attempt to check democracy?

BRADFORD: First of all, take the idea of majority rule. It took only a majority of the states represented in the Great Convention to get something put into the Constitution. And it took only a majority of those who were represented in nine state ratifying conventions to give the Constitution the force of fundamental law. In the wake of what they decided, however, it now takes three-quarters of the states to modify that document and before that can occur other steps must be taken as well. It's very difficult to amend the Constitution. It takes an overwhelming majority of those in the present generation to outvote what's been done in the past. It's a presumption, an undemocratic presumption of the superior wisdom of those who drew the thing up in the first place.

PARTISAN: You also on occasion speak out against a certain kind of freedom. You have an essay in this collection called "More Freedom Than We Want." What about that?

BRADFORD: Yes, it was in the *Intercollegiate Review* originally. I discussed some classic westerns, *Shane* and *Red River,* both novels made into classic films. I talk about these works in particular and about other images of life on the frontier as they show up in Western American literature. The most valuable thing about our classic documents is that they show that freedom which is not contained in some sort of institutional structure is a dreadful burden, something that human beings flee from after they've tried it a while. It looks tantalizing in the distance, the same way the mountains of Western states look wonderful and tempting; but once you get there and you're all by yourself or you're up against some wild creature or unprincipled adversary, then freedom becomes terrifying. It's in the Stephen Crane short story "The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky." Once society grows up it has to have institutions, it has to give up that dangerous adolescent stage where it doesn't recognize the necessity for law and custom to give freedom meaning.

PARTISAN: In the light of that, as we're conducting this interview, the New York Grand Jury has just indicted Bernard Goetz. Everybody tends to think that he's a hero. And in a sense, he is. In the same mold of John Wayne and Alan Ladd in those films. Have we gotten to that point again; are we back to an absence of normative institutions?

BRADFORD: Shane has to ride out of the valley after he has killed the gunslinger, because having performed the heroic act, made necessary by the absence of society, by the state of nature, he's isolated himself from the rest of the community, which is now a little bit afraid of him.

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PARTISAN: Isn't that just what has happened to Goetz? Isn't it true that New York City has been reduced to a state of nature--at least the New York subway?

BRADFORD: Yes, in the New York subway they live in a state of nature. People there are not protected against the violent, who are sentimentalized by our courts and legislators. So when Goetz takes the law into his own hands--when he becomes a law unto himself because there is no law--he isolates himself and becomes a little terrifying to the rest of us, even though we may admire him at the same time. I think that's part of the ambivalence about Goetz. We recognize that if all of us had to carry a gun and defend ourselves it would be too great a strain for us to bear so we draw back from the image of Goetz and his smoking revolver.

PARTISAN: Are Southerners still better off than people in New York City?

BRADFORD: I think people in the South are decidedly better off. For one thing, the kind of terrorizing of the general population that's possible in the great cities of the North is still very difficult in the South, because when threatened beyond a certain point, a Southerner defends himself in good conscience and with a certain amount of enthusiasm. That's why they've never been able to work "the protection racket" in cities and small towns in the South. Even a tailor running a tailor shop is liable to have a gun there someplace. He doesn't have to hire anybody to take care of his "personal business." He'll take care of it himself, thank you.

PARTISAN: Isn't that what Goetz did? Aren't you suggesting that that's all right down here but not up there?

BRADFORD: In a way, yes. The social and legal institutions of the South support the individual's right to defend himself. In New York, no one carries a visible rifle in the back of his pickup truck--which means that what Goetz did there threatened the sentimental pacifism of the social and legal ambience. Down here nobody would have brought Goetz to trial, because he would have been within his rights, as defined by the unwritten law.

PARTISAN: Maybe it's just because it's a subway. Suppose there was a subway that ran from north Dallas through the central city and into south Dallas. Would you feel uncomfortable riding through south Dallas or do you think that the black people there would behave better than the black people in New York?

BRADFORD: Well, I think that they would behave much better. However, maybe there's something about a subway that causes Southerners to resist the whole idea. The idea of mass transportation in the South hasn't gotten anywhere. That's changing a little now here in Dallas, and we're going to have a few more metropolitan busses, but not many.

PARTISAN: Since we've been tip-toeing nearer and nearer to racial questions, let's talk about the events of the past thirty years beginning with *Brown vs. The Board of Education* and moving on into the era of Jesse Jackson. Do you feel that the changes that have come about in the South over the past thirty years have made a substantial difference in the way Southerners think and feel and behave? Or do you think we've simply altered surface arrangements and kept relationships between the races essentially the way they were, say, in the Era of Good Feeling?

BRADFORD: Oh, I think decidedly the latter. And I think blacks and whites agree on most matters. Some of the changes have not been as troublesome as we expected them to be, and some of them have been worse than anyone could have imagined. Note, for example, the black reaction to social experiments like bussing. Here in Dallas there's as much black opposition as there is white; yet it's impossible to be opposed to massive bussing without being called racist by Yankee social engineers. I've been opposed to bussing since it began. I've watched the name-calling, and occasionally I've been called names myself. But the rhetoric has been changing in recent years. The people who imposed bussing on the unwilling of both races are part of an era that's passed into memory. Everyone recognizes that, but they've not yet figured out how to withdraw gracefully. When they do, bussing will cease.

PARTISAN: Within the last year and half, a federal court finally ruled in Chicago that the schools simply could not be integrated, that nobody wanted it, and so the courts gave them permission to not integrate. People don't realize the degree to which the North is segregated, do they?

BRADFORD: No. It's a big state secret. But the federal courts have dealt more kindly with them from the beginning. And they have a rationale--it's called a "besetting interest." It's a blank check for the courts to do any damn thing they please. In this case, they've been talking about a besetting interest and setting aside some of the implications of Brown.

PARTISAN: Do you think they're about ready to make an accommodation and admit that certain things can't be done?

BRADFORD: Before William French Smith left office he initiated an action in Norfolk, Virginia which was a great groundbreaker. It was the first time since

all this began that the government of the United States has gone on the attack against already-established bussing plans. In Norfolk they're calling for the dismemberment of a bussing plan that's been operating there for years. They want to go back to neighborhood schools.

PARTISAN: Are they doing that on the grounds that bussing according to quota is racially motivated?

BRADFORD: They're doing it on the grounds that it doesn't work. They've tried it for years and the sophistical reasoning that used to go into these things seems to have gone by the board. They do make the argument that Norfolk, Virginia has in good faith done everything it could to have a unitary system, and since an hour and a half is wasted coming and going to school, these schemes have lost all meaning and authority. Now the government says that in order to have enough money, enough public support for public schools, it's important to stop harassing the whites to the point where they leave the public schools and their parents cease to feel any identity with public education and refuse to vote any money for it. They're saying now that if we don't stop bussing there won't be any bond issues and nobody will know how to read.

PARTISAN: A few years ago, you were active in George Wallace's campaign, and you received a lot of flack from it. Was it worth it--your entrance into partisan politics?

BRADFORD: Well, just let me say that I make no apology for what I did at that time. Governor Wallace made it possible for those who supported him to make a political statement, to express their dissatisfaction with the iron hold of ideology over public policy. He helped in those two campaigns to bring about some of the vast shifts which finally turned the country around in '80 and '84. I think there's a line running from Goldwater's campaign in '64 to Wallace's in '68 and '72 to Reagan in '76, '80 and '84. And that's not to imply an identity among those three public men. Wallace--the old Wallace--was more of a Populist than the other two.

PARTISAN: In the light of that, you have maintained in your writings that Populist candidates have arisen where a significant political sentiment was being ignored by both political parties and that in this respect Populism is a healthy thing. Otherwise the people's dissatisfaction might manifest itself in more terrible and destructive ways. Nonetheless, doesn't George Wallace's conduct over the past ten years seem to indicate what a lot of people have said about the Populists past and present? That all they want is to win votes and that when the wind shifts they're in there trimming their sails to fit the times?

BRADFORD: That doesn't fit some of the Populists of the past at all, because some of them went down with all flags flying and all guns blazing.

PARTISAN: Who?

BRADFORD: Well, the first that comes to mind is Alfalfa Bill Murray up in Oklahoma who never gave an inch his whole life.

PARTISAN: Did he ever lose?

BRADFORD: Surely. The last thing he did at the end of his public career was to stump for Strom Thurmond in '48. He was always a conservative Populist. He persisted in it at a time when he was embarrassing his son, who was the leader of the regular Democrats in Oklahoma.

PARTISAN: Anybody else?

BRADFORD: W. Lee O'Daniel, Governor and Senator from Texas.

PARTISAN: Aren't a lot of these Populists the very people you despise--egalitarian ideologues, fanners of the flames of envy?

BRADFORD: That's always the real question. Bill Murray wasn't. O'Daniel wasn't. Neither was Tom Watson. I think that Watson pretty much stayed with one position throughout his public life.

PARTISAN: He changed on the race issue, though, didn't he?

BRADFORD: Oh, only a little. He changed in his perception of what kind of a threat that issue might become to the people of Georgia. At one point, early in his life, he thought that it would be possible to include blacks in the political process without having blacks become pawns. And he changed in his perception on that subject. That's the way he explained it. But Watson, at the end of his life, was the ultra-respectable leader of the Democratic Party in Georgia and a United States Senator. What happened was that instead of the Democrats changing Tom Watson, he changed the Democratic Party of his day. He imposed upon it a definition of respectability without giving much ground. There's no doubt about it: Many of the Populists were opportunists. A lot of people in Southern history have gone through a Populist phase and then given up on it. Almost all Southern politicians know how to act the part of the injured Populist chieftain when the times call for it. If you look at the behavior of the fire-eaters right at the time when John Brown's raid was largely approved all across the North in 1860, you see the old established political leaders of the South fighting off the call to secession over and over again. Most of the Populist leaders in 1860 were very high-born gentlemen. They were not sons of the wild jackass. They knew how to put on the armor of the people right at that moment and to roar back and forth across South Carolina saying, "Now you see the old-time politicians were only interested in being 'in' and didn't really care what the Yankees did to us." They ate their opponents alive and everyone turned around and ran very rapidly toward a secession convention.

There's a lot of evidence that most of the leaders of the South, as it moved toward secession, fell in line, adopting the position that led to the withdrawal of their states from the Union. In this, I include Alexander Stephens and Jefferson Davis, both of whom were very reluctant to see secession. However, they soon realized that if they didn't agree to secession then

the fire-eaters who had adopted the Populist rhetoric were just about to get them thrown out as men taking their orders from Massachusetts and New York. One doesn't think of Jefferson Davis as a Populist, but it's very difficult to find a major Southern politician who doesn't have a Populist phase somewhere in his life. They all know how to play that game. The fundamental question is whether or not the strategy of Populism so hems in the person who practices it, that he's forever compromised from following a more responsible line.

PARTISAN: The academic community has always been predominately ideological, and tyrannically so. We all know stories that illustrate how little academics really believe in academic freedom. So how has your position as a Southern conservative affected your career as a teacher and scholar?

BRADFORD: To begin with, my career as a college teacher has been in small institutions or new schools, outside of the academic mainstream, despite the fact that I've published enough books and articles to qualify me for consideration by a major university.

PARTISAN: Do you know for certain that you have lost opportunities for major appointments, because of your political views?

BRADFORD: Yes. I know of several instances.

PARTISAN: Have you ever been pressured at institutions where you were employed?

BRADFORD: Yes, I was forced out of a position once because I supported a friend who was a Republican running for congress.

PARTISAN: Are Southern colleges as guilty of this sort of thing as Northern colleges?

BRADFORD: Yes, I think they're worse, because most of them are governed by presidents and deans who are interested in politically reforming the region. The businessmen who control these colleges never catch on.

PARTISAN: You supported Reagan in 1980 and were proposed by famous conservatives and by fifteen or more U.S. Senators to be chairman of the National Endowment of the Humanities; but you were shot down in the final days. Do you feel that the fact that you were maligned in the press and specifically the object of a whispering campaign and outright lies is the result of being Southern? And if so, has it been worth it?

BRADFORD: I think that what hasn't been worth it was allowing the enthusiasm of my friends to deceive me that the world had changed for the better. But I also think it's been most constructive to discover that it's not only as bad as I thought, but even worse. The chasm which divides the intellectual community along sectional, political, cultural, and even religious lines is so vast and deep as to be beyond any kind of reconciliation in the foreseeable future. The best that can be achieved is a kind of civil commitment to discourse and disagreement, which was at one time the basis for all types of scholarly exchange. Unfortunately, I think that only a small number of American intellectuals are now really interested in learning from people who disagree with them. I think that mostly what they're interested in is winning intellectual skirmishes. I had a taste of all that. The experience of being a national scandal (not simply a scandal confined to the community of scholars who work on American history) was instructive and terrifying all at once.

PARTISAN: Perhaps we should note here that you became a front-page story in *The New York Times*, that members of the so-called Neo-conservative faction were oozing up and down the hallways of the White House telling people that you were pro-Nazi and an advocate of slavery. They really said that, didn't they?

BRADFORD: Yes, they told all kinds of delightful little stories. They circulated a little selection of quotations extracted from my work without any kind of accompanying details. A selection of passages that were designed to frighten bureaucrats into believing that the Beast of the Apocalypse was about to be nominated. A little thing called "Quotes from Chairman Mel."

PARTISAN: And along those lines, let me ask you this: do you not have the impression that (a) Ronald Reagan is the best we can possibly get in this country, and that (b) he ain't too good?

BRADFORD: Well, he's not all that I'd have him to be. There's no question about that, though I don't know what problems he faces in dealing with the factions of his own party and the entrenched bureaucracy. But what one judges is conduct. However, I've supported him unequivocally and will continue to do so.

PARTISAN: We all have, but it hasn't done us any good, has it?

BRADFORD: Well, I think that the difference between President Reagan's vote in '80 and '84 and the insufficient vote earned by President Ford in '76 comes mostly from people whose presence in the Republican column is still not being recognized by those who lead the Republican Party.

PARTISAN: You're from Texas. How do you feel about the fact that James Baker III is the only Southerner in Mr. Reagan's cabinet?

BRADFORD: Well, I feel the way most Southerners feel: that we're under-represented in the councils of government. In general, we're not consulted. Certainly the intellectual community in the region has nothing to say about those posts that really require the presence of an academic. All of that selection comes from the part of the Party that really preferred President Ford to Ronald Reagan in '76 and George Bush in '80. And some of the people who have come into the Party since the President's election are far, far to the left of even President Ford. I know what the Bible says about those who come late to the harvest, but that only applies to the kingdom of Heaven. I think in politics that analogy does not obtain; it's a fatal analogy. I think that if you identify yourself with those who are just barely on your side more frequently than those who are indubitably your friends, then you undermine the enthusiasm for politics that makes good people come out

and work for you.

PARTISAN: Do you think that there is any place for Southern conservatives in the Republican Party as it's presently constituted?

BRADFORD: I think at the state level, yes. At the national level, I'm not so sure.

PARTISAN: Can we ever go back to the Democrats?

BRADFORD: We can't go back to the Democrats, so to some extent we're stranded as we have been throughout a good portion of the history of the Republic.

PARTISAN: Is there any way out of that uncomfortable position?

BRADFORD: It depends on the good judgment of the people with whom we make common cause. One of the national parties will have to decide that we're to have some input in its councils in proportion to the service we perform on the first Tuesday in November. And that party must be prepared to take the kind of flack from the national press that will come as a result. It's still the prerogative of the Northeastern press to define the boundaries of respectability that prevent the Republican Party from acknowledging not just Southern conservatives, but by and large any of the more traditional conservatives from other regions of the country.

PARTISAN: But they have a special hate on for us because of historical questions, many of which have long since been resolved.

BRADFORD: That's right. And because we have the wrong patrimony. We suffer from the great inherited guilt.

PARTISAN: Do you think that we should insure our acceptance into the national consensus by putting this patrimony behind us or should we continue to fight for it in the face of such formidable antagonism?

BRADFORD: I've never liked the example of Esau. I think we'll do better by "remembering who we are."

RESTORATION SERIES

Poe's WAR OF THE LITERATI

Oddly, the same scholars rarely suggest that Poe descended into a maelstrom, discovered a buried treasure, barely escaped being cut in two by a swinging pendulum, or crossed the Atlantic in a balloon, as his stories suggest.

By Harry Lee Poe

Edgar Allan Poe secured a permanent place among world authors as father of the short story, creator of the detective story, and poetic genius. While he has an international reputation, Poe consciously identified himself as a Southern writer.

Poe may not often come to mind as a Southern writer because he did not write about the South the way Simms or, later, Faulkner did. Philosophically opposed to the use of literature for didactic purposes, Poe did not make the South the object of his writing. Nonetheless, his stories resonate with the attitudes and interests one might expect from a young Virginia gentleman educated at the University of Virginia and West Point.

His sojourn in South Carolina had a subtle influence on the setting for many of his stories and poems. The sea, the marshes, the deep semi-tropical forests hung with Spanish moss, the forbidding swamps, and the narrow causeway approaches to isolated plantation manors formed the setting for such stories as "The Gold Bug," "The Oblong Box," "The Man that was Used Up," "The Balloon Hoax," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "Annabel Lee." Poe also pioneered in the introduction of black characters in American fiction.

Perhaps Poe's most conspicuous contribution to Southern literature, however, was his defense of the right of other Southern writers to be heard. In his lifetime, Poe's reknown lay primarily in his reputation as the foremost critic of the day. As a critic he complained that four or five *cliques* controlled American literature by controlling the larger portion of the critical journals. When Rufus Griswold issued his *Poets and Poetry of America* in 1842, Poe observed that he might complain of Griswold's "prepossession, evidently unperceived by himself, for the writers of New England."

Poe could be bitingly sarcastic about the apparent conspiracy to censor the literary South. When Griswold gave Southern poetesses a fairer representation in *The Female Poets of America,* Poe congratulated him for being at "pains of doing what Northern critics seem to be at great pains *never* to do." Griswold had gone to the trouble of doing justice to several poetesses who did not have "the good fortune to be born in the North."

As an artist and critic, Poe did not commend the work of Southern writers simply because they were from the South. On the contrary, he joined battle because he determined that many fine writers could not have a fair hearing since they were from the South. Poe said it took courage to even hint "that anything good, in a literary way" could exist outside the narrow limits of the North.

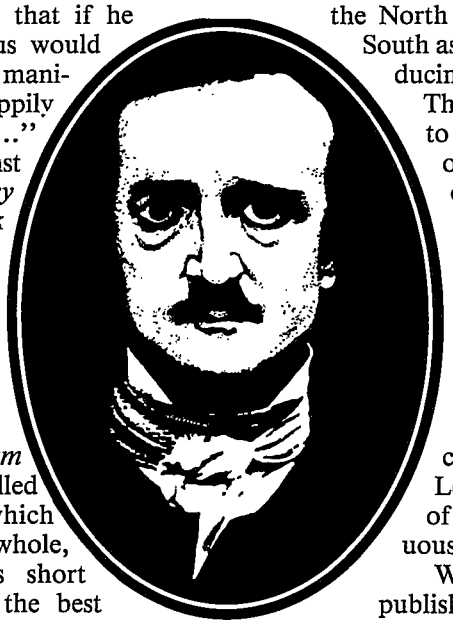
In 1846 Poe published a series of articles in *Godey's Lady's Book* dealing with thirty-eight writers known to Poe, then resident in New York City. The articles appeared from May to November during which time the master of horror filled the literati of New York with terror over what he might say next. By the time the series was discontinued and answered with rebuttals and lawsuits, the episode came to be called The War of the Literati.

In his opening remarks, Poe charged that "the most 'popular,' the most 'successful' writers among us, (for a brief period, at least,) are, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, persons of mere address, perseverance, effrontery—in a word, busy-bodies, toadies, quacks." He then proceeded to expose the self-protective, mutually congratulatory New York literary scene.

Poe singled out Longfellow and his New England group for particular attention. Though Poe acknowledged Longfellow as one of the foremost American poets, he also deplored the strangle hold the "frog-pond" set exerted on literature. Such cabals exercised an awesomely powerful literary control. A poor man like Hawthorne, though a genius, could not help but be unknown at the time since, in addition to his poverty he was not "an ubiquitous quack." Longfellow, on the other hand, "although a little quacky *per se*, [had] through his social and literary position as a man of property and a professor at Harvard, a whole legion of active quacks at his control...."

Whenever he had the opportunity, Poe leveled a salvo at the "*clique* of pedants in and about Boston." He had a particular dislike of the Bostonians' predilection for grouping writers together for approval or disapproval. He noted that Boston critics "have a notion that poets are porpoises, (for they are always talking about their running in 'schools,')...."

Poe often cited William Gilmore Simms as a man neglected by the critics. While painfully pointing out Simms' shortcomings, Poe strongly asserted Simms' genius and complained that if he had been a Yankee "this genius would have been rendered *immediately* manifest to his countrymen, but unhappily (*perhaps*) he was a Southerner...." In defending Bayard Taylor against a vicious criticism in the *Literary World,* Poe renewed his attack on the entrenched prejudice against Southerners and used the opportunity to point out how reviews were used "(as in the case of Simms,) to vilify, and vilify *personally* any one not a Northerner...."



In a review of *The Wigwam and the Cabin* (1845), Poe called Simms "the best novelist which this country has, upon the whole, produced" and spoke of his short story "Murder Will Out" as the best ghost story he had ever read. The New York *Evening Mirror* responded to Poe's evaluation with an article entitled "Poe-lemical" and signed "*". The article downgraded Poe as a critic and ridiculed Simms' collected works stating that it would not bring the price in England or America of the single volume *Norman Leslie* by Theodore Fay. Fay edited the *Mirror* at the time.

In a letter to Evert Duyckinck, Simms complained about the "dirty fellows of the Mirror" and the "other dirty crawling creeping creature," Lewis Gaylord Clarke of the *Knickerbocker.* In dismissing an article by Simms which complained of the absence of humor in American literature, Clarke said that the article appeared "in a Southern magazine, of small circulation and smaller influence, written by a very voluminous author, now in the decadence of a limited sectional reputation." Such remarks reinforce Poe's conclusion about Yankee literary bigotry.

Tension between North and South intensified during the decade. John C. Calhoun represented Southern interests in the United States Senate, but Edgar Allan Poe held the field in the literary struggle. In the March 1849 issue of *The Southern Literary Messenger,* Poe continued his crusade. James Russell Lowell had issued his satirical *A Fable for Critics* in 1848. Besides being an inferior piece of work in imitation of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Poe charged the *Fable* with the basest of sectional bigotry. Poe called Lowell "one of the most rabid of the Abolition fanatics" and advised that "no Southerner who does not wish to be insulted, and at the same time revolted by a bigotry the most obstinately blind and deaf, should ever touch a volume" by Lowell.

A Fable for Critics represented just one more example of the neglect of the Southern literati by the literary establishment of the North. Poe anticipated and experienced at first hand the power of the media to mold not only political opinions, but also popular cultural attitudes and values. The literary powers of the North created a popular myth about the South as an ignorant region incapable of producing a literary corpus.

The crescendo of Poe's criticism deserves to be quoted in full: "With the exception of Mr. Poe, (who has written some commendatory criticisms on his poems,) no Southerner is mentioned at all in this 'Fable.' It is a fashion among Mr. Lowell's set to affect a belief that there is no such thing as Southern Literature. Northerners—people who have really nothing to speak of as men of letters—are cited by the dozen, and lauded by this candid critic without stint, while Legare, Simms, Longstreet, and others of equal note are passed by in contemptuous silence."

When Augustus Baldwin Longstreet published his *Georgia Scenes,* Poe had

Poe anticipated and experienced at first hand the power of the media to mold not only political opinions, but also popular cultural attitudes and values. The literary powers of the North created a popular myth about the South as an ignorant region incapable of producing a literary corpus.

praised it in a way he praised few works. He usually took pains to point out the failings of the works he praised the most, a habit which did not endear him to anyone. With *Georgia Scenes,* however, he could only exult in the joy of reading a truly humorous work. When it first appeared in the 1830's, Poe called it "a sure omen of better days for literature of the South." By the 1840's, Poe knew better.

Poe also lamented the way critics had neglected Professor Beverley Tucker's *George Balcombe.* Once again he attributed its neglect to the bigotry that ignored most of what happened south of Mason and Dixon's line. Except for Tucker's Southern birth, Poe believed his book would have been recognized as "one of the noblest fictions ever written by an American."

In *Prose Writers of America,* Griswold declared that the South was composed largely of a wealthy, idle class that had done "comparatively nothing in the field of intellectual exertion." Poe challenged this widely-held attitude in his reviews, which earned him the enmity of editors ranging from Griswold to Horace Greeley. The Northern press debated his critical assessments, assigning his unfavorable reviews of Northern writers to severe bitterness and assigning his favorable reviews of Southern writers to blind sectionalism. In reality, Poe may have been more severe with Southern writers because of his unwillingness for them to produce second-rate literature. Simms certainly learned from Poe's appraisal of *The Partisan.*

Bickering over Poe's favorable reviews of Southern writers did not end with Poe's death. In the next generation one of Poe's biographers dismissed his favorable reviews of Southerners as absurdities: "He was as extreme in eulogy as in denunciation; and, especially in the case of the Southern writers, he sometimes indulged in so laudatory a strain as to be guilty of absurdity." Poe had experienced the same exclusion from notice which the other Southerners had experienced. He struggled against the closed shop system of literature that prevailed, and only by fierce determination did he begin to gain a degree of personal recognition after the publication of "The Raven" in 1845. He did not think other Southerners should have to face the same struggle. To help rectify the condition, Poe proposed the establishment of a new journal, *The Stylus,* as a forum for writers of talent who were being ignored as a matter of form.

Unfortunately, Poe had the very poor judgment to die in October 1849. His dream of a new journal died with him, and he left the literary scene without a successor of equal stature to advocate for the South in the literary halls. Worse for him personally, Poe predeceased his literary enemies who then had the opportunity for revenge. Griswold took the lead in smearing Poe's reputation. Sadly, even in the South the slanderous traditions about Poe have persisted and been accepted as fact along side the belief "that there is *no such thing* as Southern Literature."

Griswold began the attacks on Poe's character with the obituary he wrote for Horace Greeley's *New York Daily Tribune* under the pseudonym of "Ludwig." The obituary began: "Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore the day before yesterday. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it." George Graham of *Graham's Magazine* called Griswold's ensuing smears a vendetta against Poe because of the critical remarks about Griswold and his friends. He said that Griswold's "present hacking at the cold remains of him who struck them down, is a sort of compensation." Graham's voice, however, did not have the range of Griswold.

Though Griswold never forgave Poe's criticism of his work, he had ingratiated himself to Poe after an initial period of estrangement and became Poe's literary executor. The consummate editor, Griswold issued Poe's works complete with memoir in which he quoted freely from personal papers to discredit Poe. As the authorized biographer, Griswold and his stories achieved canonical authority. Not until Professor A. H. Quinn's definitive biography of 1941 were the papers exposed as forgeries!

During the period of the War of the Literati, Poe had been in a particularly agitated condition and broken state. Griswold attributed Poe's condition to opium. In the next generation, the biographers continued the story. George Woodberry, standing in the New England transcendental tradition, attributed Poe's condition in the mid-1840's to liquor and "the more insidious and mortal influence of the use of opium, which, vampire-like, had sucked the vitality out of the whole frame of his being, mental, moral, and physical." While none of Poe's contemporaries had knowledge of his use of opium, Woodberry produced a letter written in 1884 by a cousin of Poe who recalled hearing another cousin say she believed Poe must have taken opium! The psychological biographers, who read between the lines even better than they read the printed page, point to Poe's stories which mention drug use as proof of his dependency.

Oddly, the same scholars rarely suggest that Poe descended into a maelstrom, discovered a buried treasure, barely escaped being cut in two by a swinging pendulum, or crossed the Atlantic in a balloon, as his stories suggest.

In fact, Poe was in a dreadful state during the period mentioned. He was irritable, rude, short of

temper, offensive, and impatient with the people who controlled the literary world. From 1842 to 1847 Poe watched helplessly as his beautiful young wife slowly died of tuberculosis. Time and again she hemorrhaged, and hovered near death, only to recover until the inevitable next time. The spector of death cast its shadow on his home for five years. The anticipation of his wife's death sent Poe into a dreadful state of clinical depression.

In describing this time of his life, Poe wrote to George Eveleth: "I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During those fits of absolute unconsciousness, I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity." In his intense anticipatory grief, Poe was in no mood to be polite to the literary cabal that rewarded mediocrity. As regards his temper, he was the Preston Brooks of the press.

Griswold offered an explanation for Poe's erratic condition during episodes of Virginia Poe's prolonged death, and the Yankee literati were only too willing to believe someone would have to be crazy or doped to criticize them. It took voices from abroad to challenge the Griswold picture of Poe. In France, Baudelaire called Griswold a "pedagogic vampire" and asked, "Does there not exist in America an ordinance to keep dogs out of the cemeteries?" In England, John Ingram produced the first serious challenge to the Griswold stories in 1874 and continued the battle with the American traductionists until his death in 1916.

For all the responsible scholarship which has cleared Poe's reputation, Griswold and the Yankee literati won the War of the Literati. The public has accepted the Griswold stories. Even this article which intended to discuss Poe as a proponent and defender of Southern writers was required to stir Griswold's muck once again. Griswold still sets the agenda and tone for any discussion of Poe. ☆

Harry Lee Poe, pastor of a Baptist church in Simpsonville, Kentucky, is a distant kinsman of Edgar Allen Poe.

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DAN SICKLES AND THE FIRST PRESIDENTIAL COVER - UP

As a grey-headed, one-legged ambassador, he seduced the Queen of Spain and provoked a revolution in that country.

WILLIAM H. HUNTER

is a General Practitioner in Clemson, South Carolina. He writes for various publications and is on the editorial board of *M.D. Magazine* in New York.

In our time, we think we know a lot about presidential cover-ups. There was Nixon's Watergate, of course. Some of us remember Lyndon Johnson's problems with Bobby Baker. And President Kennedy had his secret girlfriends.

All of these, however, are minor matters compared to the granddaddy of them all, the biggest presidential cover-up in American history, the murder of Barton Key (son of Francis Scott Key of "National Anthem" fame). A complicated tale, it all began in the years before our Great War, in the heat of controversy, during the public life of old Dan Sickles.

Before James Buchanan became president in 1857, he was Minister to England under President Pierce. During that time, Buchanan asked Pierce to appoint Daniel Sickles of New York to be the Minister's Secretary.

General Daniel Sickles

Sickles, a young lawyer, had begun his political career in the Wigwam of Tammany Hall and had advanced to the position of Counsel for the port of New York. Pierce's Secretary of State, William Marcy, also of New York, refused to sign Sickles commission. Marcy was aghast that a man such as Sickles, a Tammany Hall brawler, who had flouted his prostitute in the halls of the statehouse, should be appointed to such a sensitive position. Buchanan insisted, however, referring to Sickles as a "brilliant lawyer, politician, and man of the world, who had a host of friends, and not a few enemies, like all men of force and originality." When Marcy, who had been Governor of New York and knew Sickles well, still refused, President Pierce had Assistant Secretary of State Dudley Mann sign the commission.

Sickles and Buchanan sailed for England in 1853. Age 34, Sickles left his 17-year-old pregnant wife Teresa at home and took along Fanny White of dubious reputation, who reportedly ran a house of ill repute on Mercer Street in New York. In due course, Sickles presented Miss White to Queen Victoria at one of her drawing room receptions.

Later, when James Buchanan was inaugurated as the fifteenth President of the United States in 1857, he brought with him to Washington Tammany Hall's newest congressman, the same Daniel Sickles--now closest confidant to the President, the man who handled all presidential appointments and became, next to Buchanan, the most powerful man in Washington.

On arriving in Washington, Dan Sickles quickly established his power base and his social base. Washington was then a Southern city, and Sickles, with his beautiful wife Teresa, moved into an elegant home overlooking Lafayette Square, the neighborhood of

Philip Barton

Teresa Sickles

Balancing social and political responsibilities required a flexible schedule and it was not uncommon for members of the government detained by the business of state to ask friends to escort their wives to social affairs.

many prominent Southern leaders, among them Barton Key, whom Mrs. Clay in her book *A Belle of the Fifties* called "the handsomest man in all Washington society."

Barton Key had come from old Southern wealth and prominence. His uncle, Chief Justice Taney, had sworn in eight presidents during his stay on the Supreme Court. His poetical father had watched the rockets over Fort McHenry and gave us our "National Anthem." Francis Scott Key had also been Federal District Attorney of the District of Columbia, to which post his son Barton had been appointed during the Pierce presidency. Now, with a new administration, Barton Key sought reappointment to this political plum. To do so, he had to seek out Dan Sickles.

In 1856 Key had been criticized for his failure to convict Congressman Herbert of California, who had shot and killed an insolent waiter at Willard's Hotel. Key, it seems, had not been very active in the prosecution. This oversight apparently did not trouble Sickles, who became fast friends with Barton Key and had him reappointed.

In those early days in Washington, many Congressional committees met at night and, like today, there were numerous social affairs throughout the week. Balancing social and political responsibilities required a flexible schedule and it was not uncommon for members of the government detained by the business of state to ask friends to escort their wives to social affairs. In this manner, Barton Key became the constant escort of Teresa Sickles, the wife of his good friend Dan.

What began as an escort service, turned into a torrid love affair. Soon everyone in Washington knew what was going on. Everyone except Dan Sickles.

Key rented a small brick house at 383 Fifteenth Street, two blocks from the Sickles home, for clandestine meetings. At least, the two lovers thought it secret. But neighbors watched Key as he walked through the park in front of the Sickles home and made a rotary signal with a white hankerchief, then pulled out his field glasses and watched Teresa's window for her signal. When he got a positive answer, he would proceed to the Fifteenth Street house where he would hang a red ribbon on the shutter, much to the amusement of the residents of this back street who watched through their shutters as Teresa came out of her back door, covered her face with a shawl, and proceeded to 383 Fifteenth where she would stay for an hour or so with Barton Key.

Daniel Sickles shooting Philip Barton Key, in President's Square, Washington.

In late February of 1859, things came to a head when Sickles received an unsigned letter detailing his wife's and Barton Key's behavior. In a rage he demanded and got a written confession from Teresa, a remarkable document that even went into the details of undressing. Beside himself with rage and grief, he took Teresa's wedding band, made her sleep on the floor that night, and called in his New York friends to decide what to do.

This was a crucial decision, for Daniel Sickles had his eye on the presidency. After all, the last two presidents had been his friends and he had had a large part in putting them both in office. In 1859, he was known to be a national leader in Democrat party politics, at the right hand of the President in all matters. The Barton Key-Teresa Sickles affair loomed as a dark cloud over his political life, and as he sat with his friends in his study overlooking the park, wondering how many people in Washington knew, there suddenly appeared Barton Key. There he was in the park waving his handkerchief in a rotary motion, then looking at the upstairs bedroom window with his field glasses. In a blind rage, Dan Sickles grabbed a pistol, rushed into the park, and shot Key in the groin. Then he dispatched him to eternity with a second shot as Key lay on the ground begging for mercy.

A White House page, J.H.W. Baritz of North Carolina happened to be walking by at the time and witnessed the shooting. He immediately rushed over to the White House and informed the President. President Buchanan, took money out of his own pocket and sent the witness back to North Carolina that day with the warning that he might be put in jail if he did not get away quickly.

Apparently on principle, Sickles refused bail and went to jail. An artist's picture of the congressman languishing in prison generated a great deal of sympathy, and all of his friends came to see him. Speaker of the House James L. Orr of South Carolina, a good friend, visited and had him moved from a dank cell to the jailor's quarters. During a speedy trial, Sickles was defended by eight leading attorneys led by the able and firey Edwin M. Stanton, a close friend of both Sickles and the President. Stanton was appointed the very next year as Attorney General of the United States. This is the same Stanton who later served both Lincoln and Andrew Johnson as Secretary of War, and who precipitated Johnson's impeachment trial.

The prosecutor was Robert Ould, who had been Key's assistant and who the President promptly appointed to the office of District Attorney. For some reason, Ould seemed not to have his heart in the prosecution and the eloquent defense attorneys swept him aside with a plea of temporary insanity, which was the first time that plea was used in American judicial history.

Upon Sickles acquittal, Stanton danced a jig in court and called for three cheers, which he got. A great party in Washington followed and thousands cheered Dan Sickles. These same friends and thousands more turned on the congressman just as lustily when in less than three months he took back the shamed Teresa.

Such was the controversial life of Daniel Sickles. But that was merely the beginning. He was re-elected in the next election by the Tammany Democrats and supported the South in general up until Fort Sumter. In 1860 he promised that no troops from New York City would ever make war against any state, but he eventually became a general in the Union Army at Gettysburg, where he lost a leg. Sickles either won the battle or nearly lost the entire war (depending on whose analysis you read; the argument on this still gets hot sometimes). However, President Lincoln congratulated him on his performance.

Following the war, Sickles was Military Governor of South Carolina while his old buddy of Washington days, James L. Orr, was governor of the state. At Orr's request, Sickles gave an order which prohibited banks from foreclosing mortgages on Confederate widows. This incensed the judiciary, and they appealed to President Johnson, who directed his Secretary of War Edwin Stanton to countermand Sickles' directive. Stanton and Sickles were old buddies from courtroom days and before, so Stanton was not about to do as the President directed. This led to Stanton being fired, which in part eventually led to Johnson's impeachment.

Sickles went back to New York and was again elected to Congress, where he became a croney of President Grant, who eventually appointed him to be Ambassador to Spain. As a grey-headed, one-legged ambassador, he seduced the Queen of Spain and provoked a revolution in that country. But that's another story in the life of Dan Sickles, which extended on until 1914, when the old man died with a head full of exotic memories at the ripe age of 95. ☆

Newspapers reported that Cal "stroked the frog's back with his horn-rimmed glasses and then the president and Old Rip gazed steadily at each other for a full minute" without either saying anything.

OLD RIP

By June Welch

In 1911 Harry Truman wrote to future wife Bess Wallace about a Texas cousin who had mailed a small box to his sister. Mary Truman was surprised to find inside the package "two horned toads... You ought to have heard her squawk... You know they have tails and horns on their heads... and are furious-looking little brutes, but are harmless. They feast on flies, ants, etc. I don't see how those two lived, for the box was air tight."

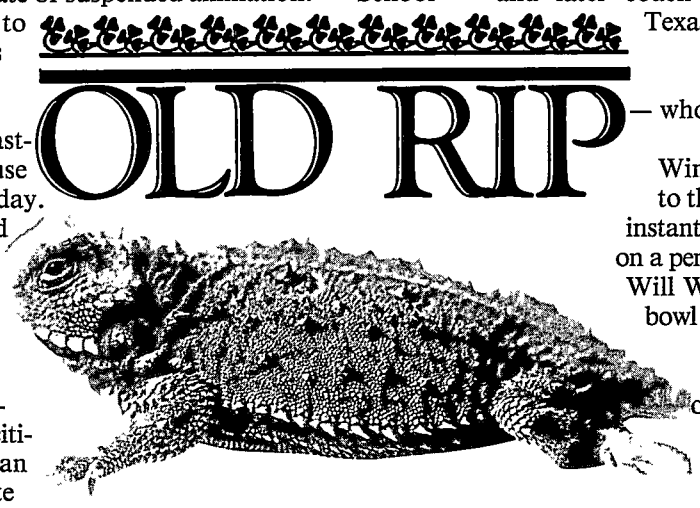
The safe arrival in Missouri of the gift seemed to vindicate the Texas belief that if air were excluded from a container, a horned toad could sleep a hundred years without ill effects.

Because one official appreciated their hardiness, the Eastland courthouse has long displayed in a place of honor the dessicated remains of a horned frog.

This is what happened:

One summer day in 1897 Eastland County Clerk Ernest Wood had gone home to lunch, as usual. As he started to his office he noticed that his little boy, Will, was playing with a horned toad.

All his life Wood had heard that horned frogs could remain indefinitely in a state of suspended animation. (Newspaper editors loved to run stories about lizards surviving for years without food or water.)



The cornerstone of Eastland's new rock courthouse was to be leveled that day. Deciding to test the old theory County Clerk Wood dropped his son's horned toad inside the cornerstone before it was sealed.

Wood was roundly criticized by some, but many citizens were excited by an opportunity to demonstrate the validity of the common wisdom.

Thirty-one years later a new county courthouse was required. Plans were commissioned and bonds voted for the construction.

Then-editor Boyce House, of the *Eastland Argus Tribune,* wrote a story about the imprisoned horned frog. The Associated Press sent the story out to the world. As a result, on February 18, 1928, 1,500 spectators gathered for the opening of the cornerstone.

Ernest Wood shouted, "If there is a horned frog inside, it's mine."

House wrote: "A jagged wall of brick, eight feet high, still stood above the stone. A chain was looped about the wall and a truck (to which the chain was attached) began to pull. So firmly was the wall cemented to the cornerstone that not only did the wall but also the stone began to yield... when the pulling was resumed, the brick wall fell, leaving the cornerstone in place."

Several clergymen were present to bolster confidence in whatever should or should not be found inside the cornerstone. (Despite the morning's chill the preachers had removed their coats and rolled up their sleeves to ally suspicions.)

As workmen raised the metal plate covering the hole Eugene Day reached into the hollow stone, picked up the dusty toad — which was dead or asleep — and handed it to the Reverend F.E. Singleton.

Then-County Judge Ed Pritchard held the horned frog above his head. A witness said it resembled a brown leaf. As the toad began to stir spectators cheered until they were hoarse. (A faded, brittle photograph shows Coach Blair Cherry of Ranger High School — and later coach of the University of Texas Longhorns — inspecting the reviving toad.

In this fashion, Old Rip — who had slept eleven years longer than Rip Van Winkle — was introduced to the world. He became an instant celebrity and was taken on a personal appearance tour by Will Wood. Rip traveled in a bowl partially filled with sand.

In Dallas, Wood was delayed by a writ of attachment which forbade Rip's removal pending the trial of a suit seeking damages for his refusal to allow the plaintiff to exhibit the famous frog. The Dallas Chamber of Commerce posted a $1,000 bond, and Wood, fearing more legal problems, hurried out of town carrying Rip in a brown paper sack.

The horned frog attracted huge crowds in Royce City, Greenville, and Sulphur Springs where ten thousand turned out.

Doubts of Rip's authenticity did not diminish attendance at St. Louis where one day 40,000 viewed the lizard.

Because the remains of Old Rip have been frognapped so many times there is little chance that the toad now occupying the casket in the Eastland County courthouse is the genuine article. He probably rests in a paper sack high up in someone's closet.

The *Post-Dispatch* reported that "So many people came to see him yesterday that special guards were called to dissolve the blockades. Attendants at the reptile house had expected unusual crowds, but not for St. Louis to come out in a body to see Old Rip."

The president of the St. Louis Zoological Society, which had paid to exhibit him, offered a thousand dollars to anyone who could disprove Rip's story. The crowd became unruly at the end of the day as attendants closed the building.

In Washington Rip called at the White House for an audience with Calvin Coolidge. Newspapers reported that Cal "stroked the frog's back with his horn-rimmed glasses and then the president and Old Rip gazed steadily at each other for a full minute" without either saying anything.

Rip made a movie in New York. House wrote that "A horned frog's favorite food consists of red ants; this delicacy was not available in Manhattan, but a professional bug catcher provided a suitable substitute, at fifty cents a bug..."

Old Rip died of pneumonia after a norther hit Eastland. Embalmed by a local mortician, he was installed in a satin-lined coffin donated by the National Casket Company.

For years Rip lay in state — sort of a West Texas Lenin — displayed in a glassed-in tomb built into an outside wall of Eastland County's palace of justice.

Important visitors to Eastland were usually photographed with the dried-up toad. John Connally suffered a significant loss of popularity after it was bruited about that he had broken off Rip's leg as he posed for photographers.

Years later, I learned that Will Wood's little girl was the one who broke off the leg, but enough voters harbor resentments that if I were in John's place I would not seek public office unless there was sufficient support elsewhere to offset a negative Eastland vote.

Rip's fame was hard on the horned frog community. Tourists bought them by the thousands.

When the president of the Dallas Lions Club offered to pay a dime apiece for horned toads, hundreds of Eastland kids showed up with hordes of frogs. One had 234. The city-slicker dropped his price to 2 ½ cents and an outraged father of a horned toad dealer attacked the Dallasite's truck and 1,200 horned frogs as he sued in the justice court for $197.25.

Because the remains of Old Rip have been frognapped so many times there is little chance that the toad now occupying the casket in the Eastland County courthouse is the genuine article. He probably rests in a paper sack high up in someone's closet.

There have always been harsh critics of the legend of the long-lived Texas horned frogs; not a whole lot of them live in Eastland. ☆

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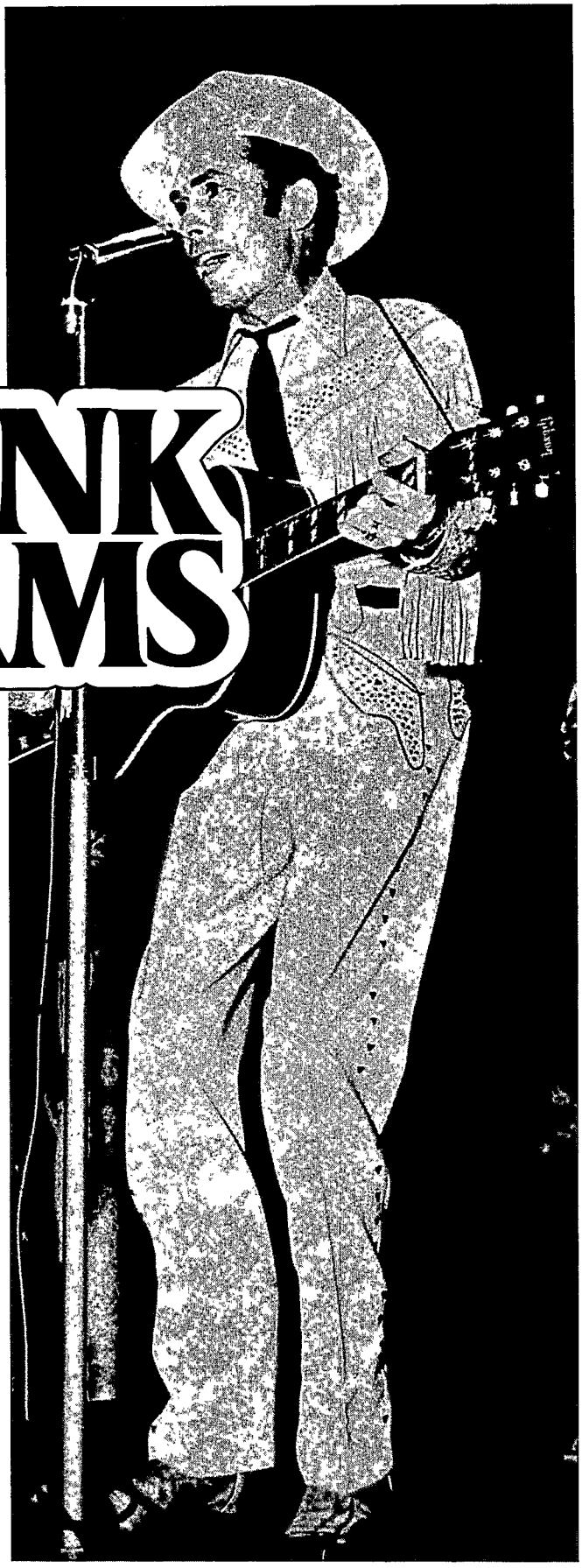
CRITICUS

30 Years From HANK WILLIAMS

By Bill Koon



The fashion is such, even now, that practically everybody who wants to lay claim to country sincerity invokes old "Lovesick" Hank Williams.

Hank Williams has now been dead longer than he lived. And outside of a hundred or more fine songs, his thrity-year-old memory survives best among some of his cousins down in Georgiana, Alabama, about sixty miles south of Montgomery. Among them are Taft and Erleen Skipper (Taft's daddy and Hank's mother were brother and sister), who run a kind of clearing house on Hank. Taft is a tall, thin, and happy man, content to make way for a vital wife who keeps up a hand-written correspondence that would intimidate the secretarial corps at General Motors. Hank's fans call Erleen so often to chat about their hero that she has to sleep with the phone off the hook. But she'll talk to you in daylight. And if you love Hank like she does, she'll have you to dinner the day before the Hank Williams Memorial Picnic. (That way you'll know enough people to feel at home when she has you to dinner again at the picnic). I swear that she'll have cousins who have come all the way from Mobile and Panama City eat in the kitchen to make room at the table for a stranger from New York or Oklahoma who wants to know more about Hank.

Around a stove, Erleen Skipper makes Julia Child look like she ought to be patting out hamburgers for McDonald's. She is the only woman in my life who can fix a carrot that I'll eat outside of a cake. But her specialty is fried chicken that leaves you feeling like you ought to fire-bomb all the Colonel Sanders and McWing places between Rt. 2 Georgiana and wherever you live — except that you won't feel much like violence after pound cake, peach cobbler, and pecan pie that are nearly as sweet as the tea.

You'll be lucky to get to the swing on the porch where you can hear those cousins, come out of the kitchen, do a string of Hank's songs. J.C. McNeil, who learned to pick, sing, and drink with Hank, starts with "Jambalaya." His brother Walt, sometimes known as O'Neil McNeil and the image of Hank Williams, fills any turning time with good stories about things like being broke in New Orleans with Hank. Mrs. McNeil would wire them some Greyhound money, but Hank would beat Walt to Western Union and spend the ten bucks down Bourbon Street or up St. Charles. And after J.C.'s "Your Cheatin' Heart," Walt will tell you about another road trip when he found that all of Hank's suitcases were full of cash.

Erleen, who has barely had time to finish the dishes, pops on the porch like an atom about to split to take the newcomers on the Hank Williams tour. A Carolina business man, Turner Tuten, who knows *all* of Hank's songs and has the biggest car with the best bumper sticker (a picture of a donkey and "If You Don't Like Hank Williams You Can Kiss My..." drives and Erleen points the way — to the birthplace, to the church where Hank sang by his mother, to Thigpen's log cabin (one of Hank's first honkey tonks), to the railroad engine that Hank's father used to drive, then home to rest for the food and music of Sunday's memorial picnic still to come.

Hank deserves such cousins. He has pleasured us with great music, but he himself never had it too good. He was born with a spinal defect that always hurt him, and he grew up in a south Alabama so poor the Depression did not even register there. The most money in his household probably came from the pension the family got when Mr. Williams left to go into the V.A. hospital for nearly a decade. Hank was seven at the time.

But he learned to pick and sing; and, by the time he was fourteen, those talents had taken him into the gut buckets of scenic Alabama, places like Rutlege, Fort Deposit, Evergreen, and Andalusia, where a customer might bite your eyebrow off and where the cheap whiskey and women were to start in on Hank's scrawny body.

School got to be a problem for a singer who was out two-thirds of the night, and Hank ditched the academy when he was nineteen, in the ninth grade. Many years later, his mother justified what must seem a bit of a parental indulgence with the comment that "too much book learning might have spoiled the wonderful, natural flow of his song-words." With threats of the school house removed, Hank was on his way to trouble and fame. The trouble showed itself clearly as he made his first appearance in a sanitarium in 1945, age twenty-two; the fame materialized with his spectacular debut on the Grand Old Opry in June 1949.

Hank had taken on a marriage along the way. Miss Audrey Sheppard (Hank was her second husband) married him in a Texaco station near Andalusia, gave him a bad time, spent his money as fast as he could make it, and apparently kept some pretty loose company while Hank was on the road. Hank returned the favor with a quantity of booze, some loose company of his own, and a few shots from one of the pistols that he loved to collect and sometimes carried. Audrey reportedly swore that she wasn't livin' with no man that shot at her. Hank allowed that that suited him, that he didn't want to live with no woman he had to shoot at.

She divorced him the second time and for good early in 1952 (she had divorced him first in 1948, just

...by the time he was fourteen, those talents had taken him into the gut buckets of scenic Alabama...where a customer might bite your eyebrow off and where the cheap whiskey and women were to start in on Hank's scrawny body.

Hank with his mother

before Hank, Jr. was conceived), and Hank got serious about his debauchery, serious enough to get fired from the Grand Ole Opry that August. It was back to the minor leagues for him, after only three years of Nashville, back to the Louisiana hayride in Shreveport. But Hank had with him the sweet solace of one of the most beautiful women ever to hit Nashville, Billie Jean Jones Eshliman.

She was a telephone operator from Bossier City, Louisiana, and was as naive as she was beautiful. One Nashville friend told me that she did not know how to ring a doorbell, and she herself claimed that when she first started staying in hotels she was carrying her clothes in a Kotex box, a little something to strain the tact of a doorman. She came to Nashville with Faron Young who allows that, on a double-date, Hank pulled a pistol on him and said, "I don't want no hard feelings out of you but I'm in love with Billie Jean." Faron, no gallant, conceded the point and the woman. Hank married Billie Jean three times (he was her second husband), once before a J.P. in Minden, Louisiana, and twice more on the stage of the New Orleans Civic Auditorium, before two SRO paying crowds who got to hear a little of "Jambalaya" before the sacred vows were spoke. Billie Jean's divorce from her first husband, Harrison Eshliman, came through some ten days after the nuptial extravaganza.

But if real romance was blooming, it had come too late. Hank was in bad shape by now; he had only a couple of months to live, and he was involved with a parolee out of Oklahoma named Toby Marshall. After a stint in San Quentin, Toby had given up armed robbery to specialize in the complimentary crimes of forgery and barbituates; he had bought himself a thrity-five dollar diploma, had it printed "D.S.C." which he took to stand for "Doctor of Science and Psychology" — "Psychology" was a pretty tough spelling problem for a man with his background. Toby knew how to write prescriptions for morphine, demerol, and chloral hydrate, though he was going to use those drugs to help Hank get over his alcoholism. Actually, as everyone knows, he helped Hank on a New Year's Day trip to the skull orchard; then he sent the family a bill for just over seven hundred dollars. Toby's wife, on the same prescriptions and under the same schooled care, bit the dust a couple of months later. And Toby was reeled back into the Oklahoma State Pen.

Hank has not had it much better since he died. The funeral, on 4 January 1953, drew twenty-five thousand and was called the greatest emotional plunge in Montgomery since the inauguration of Jeff Davis. Except maybe for all those people staring into the open coffin to see Hank lying there holding a little white Bible, the funeral was not entirely out of order. It has been the business of the estate that has been grim. Hank left almost no loot, something like thirteen thousand bucks, a four-thousand-dollar cashiers check and about nine thousand in guitars and monogrammed cowboy boots, to be played off against a fair number of debts. But he left a lot of great songs that would generate much cash for the heirs, whoever they were.

Audrey, who could have been the official widow had she not been so eager to divorce Hank a year earlier, went on the road as Mrs. Hank Williams. Billie Jean was doing the same gig and filed suit against Audrey for cutting into her turf. Audrey then bought Billie Jean off for thirty "thou" and set herself up in the business of being Hank's widow. She might have been booting him out in 1952 (as she had in 1948), but by September 1954, she was the veiled widow who unveiled this poem on the back of her ex-husband's tomb stone:

THANK YOU FOR ALL THE LOVE YOU GAVE ME
THERE COULD BE NO ONE STRONGER
THANK YOU FOR THE MANY BEAUTIFUL SONGS
THEY WILL LIVE LONGER AND LONGER

THANK YOU FOR BEING A WONDERFUL FATHER
TO LYCRECIA
SHE LOVED YOU MORE THAN YOU KNEW
THANK YOU FOR OUR PRECIOUS SON
AND THANK GOD HE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE YOU

AND NOW CAN I SAY:
THERE ARE NO WORDS IN THE DICTIONARY
THAT CAN EXPRESS MY LOVE FOR YOU
SOMEDAY BEYOND THE BLUE
AUDREY WILLIAMS

Hank's memory was served when a plan for a memorial auditorium--eighty feet long, sixty feet high, and in the shape of a cowboy boot, built over a guitar-shaped pool at the intersection of Interstates 65 and 85 in Montgomery--failed.

Audrey was not quite so touched in 1974 when she was selling off most of Hank's stuff. At the auction, she told *The Nashville Banner* (5 November), "I haven't decided yet about some other items...There are some things I don't want to get rid of but will if the price is right." A few days later she was telling *The Fort Worth Star-Telegram* (10 November) that she felt it was O.K. to unload the junk since Hank lived on through the work of the Beatles. Well, Audrey never knew much about music anyway.

Meanwhile, Billie Jean was giving her a bad time. She had given up the estate, for thirty thousand, because she feared that mess about her tardy divorce from her first husband, Harrison Eshliman. (Audrey did not exactly rush forward to confess that she had married Hank fifty days before the end of the reconciliation period after the divorce from her first husband.) But Billie Jean was widowed again, in 1960 when Johnny Horton (author of "The Battle of New Orleans" and "North to Alaska") was killed in a Texas car wreck. Billie Jean came back for her share of the purse and eventually, after years of litigation, she got it, some fifty percent of domestic royalties along with the legal widowhood. She survives today as Mrs. Johnny Horton.

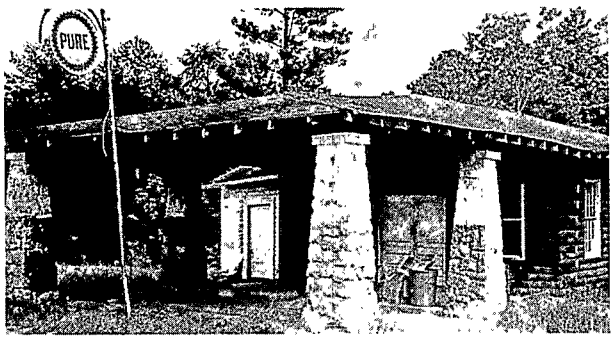
Hank married Billie Jean Jones in October of 1952

Some of the other unpleasant scrambling involved who was going to get Hank, Jr. and who was going to administer the estate. Hank's mom, Lillie, became administratrix and guardian of Hank, Jr. while he was in Alabama (Audrey was in charge of him and his goods elsewhere). But Lillie died fast, in 1955, leaving the job to Hank's sister, Irene, who handled them badly, getting sued regularly by Hank, Jr. and Audrey. Irene threw in the towel when she got busted for bringing seven million dollars worth of cocaine into Laredo from Mexico. A lawyer was appointed to the job then, and things have run fairly smoothly. Hank, Jr., meanwhile, lived with Audrey until he came of age; then he split.

Hank's memory was served when a plan for a memorial auditorium — eighty feet long, sixty feet high, and in the shape of a cowboy boot, built over a guitar-shaped pool at the intersection of interstates 65 and 85 in Montgomery — failed. A plan to build a guitar-shaped museum had failed before that. The world of art, however, has been more persistently antagonistic. We are still waiting for "Kaw-Liga" to be choreographed; it could be the hillbilly *Nutcracker.* But just about everything else has been covered. MGM put out *Your Cheatin' Heart,* a film with all the magic of "Meet The Press." The movie opened in Montgomery in November 1964 as Governor George Wallace declared Hank Williams week. George Hamilton's portrayal of Hank prompted one Williams scholar to suggest that perhaps Hamilton was a better choice for the part than Sammy Davis, Jr. Susan Oliver's version of Audrey reminds one of nothing so much as a Sandra Dee doing *Tammy Goes To Nashville.*

Just to keep all this interesting, and to keep her lawyers working, Billie Jean sued MGM over her part, or her lack of a part, in the film. Audrey, you see, was the technical adviser, and she did not waste a lot of footage on the competition. Billie Jean got no damages, but the film was more or less shelved; you can write her in Shreveport to thank her for saving late-night television from George "Hank" Hamilton.

Babs Deal wrote a befuddling little novel called *High Lonesome World: The Death and Life of A Country Singer* (Doubleday 1969). In each of its thirty-six chapters, a character gives his or her response to the death of Hank Williams; reading the book, the same facts over and over again, is about as joyful as learning the multiplication tables. The most distinguished literary treatment of Hank is a *Hustler* story (March



Popular Georgiana roadhouse and dance hall in the years when Hank played out of Montgomery

1978) called "Little Skeeter's Gotta Learn," by Roy Campbell. Herein a girl named Candy is seduced on the day of Hank's death. She is so pleased with herself, and so anxious for more, that she leaves home pretending that she is going to Hank's funeral. Actually of course, she is off to be a hooker. Skeeter, her young admirer, learns of how Candy has abused the memory of Hank, beats her senseless, and then starts his own pilgrimage to the grave (which, by the way, has been moved at least once).

Roger Williams' biography, *Sing a Sad Song* (in *The Music in American Life Series* from Illinois Press, 1981) is a good work. But Jay Caress' Christian version, *Hank Williams: Country Music's Tragic King* (Stein & Day, 1979) is a little strange; it includes some useful detail, but it ends with Hank looking down from heaven on a world turning to ashes, realizing that his own life had been a metaphor for the world itself and its dead-ahead apocalypse. Chet Flippo, then of *Rolling Stone,* was on hand to de-Christianize Hank in *Your Cheatin' Heart* (Simon and Schuster, 1981), a really hard look at the private life of our Alabama boy, right down to which acts of darkness he preferred.

Hank has caused plenty of songs not his own. Johnny Paycheck picks up on his early "Mansion on the Hill" and sings that Hank should have told him more about the traps of fame and fortune. Waylon Jennings, singing about trying to make it in Nashville, ain't sure that "Hank done it this way." The fashion is such, even now, that practically everybody who wants to lay claim to country sincerity invokes old "Lovesick" Hank Williams — like when Charley Pride does an album called "There's A Little Bit Of Hank In Me," it is time to cover up. Even the Barry Manilows out there would have to be offended at the tributes to Hank by Del Shannon and Spike Jones.

This sorrowful capitalizing on Hank has finally reached parody. Boy Blount, one of *Esquire's* contributing editors, does the job in *Crackers* (Knopf, 1980), in a number called "Why Ain't I Half As Good as Old Hank (Since I'm Feeling All Dead Anyway)?" This soulful and rhythmic ditty claims that,

If old Hank Williams had had my luck
He'd 've died in the back of a pick-up truck
Instead of that Cadillac limousine
He's a legend and I'm selling sewing machines.

Actually, though, The Flying Burrito Brothers beat Blount to parody with a piece called "Hippie Boy" by Chris Hillman and Gram Parsons. Hank, under his recitation alias "Luke the Drifter," had done a bit back in 1950 called "The Funeral." The narrator here comes across the Savannah burial of a black child. Luke's soda-cracker comments — to the effect that this child was good and is with God inspite of his black skin, "Protruding lip," and look of general ignorance — should have been enough to offend even the mystic Knights of the Sea. The Burrito Brothers version is about the funeral of a little drug courier, a child who, on a mission for a dollar, had tried to eat the drugs when he got caught. As unseemly as he may be, he, too is with God, long hair and all. But the real moral of the story, as most who know The Flying Burrito Brothers could guess, is "Never carry more than you can eat." (Several members of the band have since failed to take that good advice.) All of this in the name of Hank Williams.

The good things that have happened to Hank...? Well, while he was alive, maybe Billie Jean though Hank was not much alive when he got to her.

Since he's been dead...? A couple of good songs have come down. Mike Cross gets next to Hank in "Thanks Hank" which goes,

He sang a sad story that sounded sort of like mine.
When he got through singing I was feeling just fine.
His sweet song got me through,
When her cold cold heart gave me the lovesick blues.
So I say thanks Hank for letting me listen to you.

And I think Hank would rolic in Moe Brandy's "Hank Williams, You Wrote My Life," which has these great lines,

You wrote "Your Cheatin' Heart"
About a gal like my first ex-wife.

The new *Time/Life* Country Classic series started with a good issue on Hank — forty of his songs, none of them overdubbed with the two or three thousand violins that MGM still thinks will sell Hank Williams again. And you get a booklet on Hank with an excellent introduction by Roger Williams.

And that's about it, except for Taft and Erleen, their broad good will and hospitality, and the memorial picnic they put on the day after they have already fed and toured you like crazy. The picnic proper is a sweet Sunday affair, laid out among the pines on the banks of Sherling lake near Greenville, Alabama. Maybe a thousand fans come for the all-day Opry style show that is dominated by Jim Owen, a Hank Williams sound-alike with a perm. The food and music are as remarkable as yesterday's. But the

The funeral...drew twenty-five thousand and was called the greatest emotional plunge in Montgomery since the inauguration of Jeff Davis.

Hank's gravesite

crowd is the best part. They swarm in early from places like Opp, Garland, and Chapman, the places Hank knew when he started picking and singing and the places he came back to even after he was famous. You get to meet practically everybody here since Erleen is hell-bent on having you know her nine brothers and sisters and all their children and grandchildren along with a mix of second and third cousins removed a couple of times.

The good will is abundant; those who come to talk and listen about Hank can get a hand rung off with welcome. No one is rattled by the usual delays of musicians trying to plug in an amp on the back of a flat bed truck; conversation with cousins seen here a year ago fills in well between songs. A fancy young female singer named , of all things, "Demetrius Tapp," sings a passionate love song to an old man in overalls who has trouble getting back to his lawn chair when it is all done. A masked character called "Orion" does a few numbers. And on it goes with Owen impersonating Hank and a fellow named Colin Leatherwood doing Hank, Jr.

The stories flow, all of them tinted with an unspoken appreciation of Hank's music and the brush with fame his life has brought the community. Maybe Hank did have an illigetimate child born just after he died; maybe she plays under another name now in New Orleans. Maybe he did get arrested a time or two and maybe he took more painkillers than he really needed. But he never forgot his cousins, and he visited them even when he was at the top of Nashville. Maybe he shot up a few hotels; but he was generous with his own people, and he contributed handsomely to a Catholic hospital in Montgomery. And only a few days before he died, he played some great songs, including the just released "Log Train," for the neighbors there in Taft Skipper's country store. Then he did a benefit for a disabled musician up the road. Hank cut up some; we grant him that because he was good.

Late in the day the crowd starts scattering home. The most faithful of them, though, make the forty-mile drive to Hank's tomb in Montgomery. Braxton and Ola Schuffert, two of Hank's long-time friends good enough to have been cousins, lead a few songs and a prayer at the grave. And as the day winds down, I head across country feeling that maybe Hank hasn't had it so bad after all. ☆

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Why Flannery O'Connor Never Liked Yankees, No Matter Where They Came From

YANKEE, n. In Europe, an American. In the Northern States of our Union, a New Englander. In Southern States the word is unknown. (see DAMYANK.) Ambrose Bierce, THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY (1906).

By Michael Jordan

Bierce's definition of the Yankee is a bit outdated. No doubt some Southerners still refer to Northerners, especially New Yorkers and New Englanders, as Damyanks, but no one can say that Yankees live exclusively in New England, in the North, or north of the Mason-Dixon line. Nowadays Yankees live all over the South. Since birds of a feather tend to flock together, Yankees have descended in force on the same Southern cities (Charlotte, Dallas, and Atlanta, for examples), and Yankee resort communities of the trailer court, condominium, and suburban varieties have sprung up in Florida, the Southwest, and all over the Southern Highlands. Most small towns in the South, even many rural communities, have one or two Northern transplants.

Yankees have come to the South—to the Bible Belt and the Sun Belt--for jobs, for safety, for retirement; they have come to escape Jack Frost, the rude and frigid culture of their cities, Damyanks, and a host of economic, racial, and social difficulties. This Exodus---one wonders if the transplant thinks he has come to the Promised Land—has taken much of the geographical distinction out of the word Yankee. But the word designates more than a person from a particular region: it designates the attitudes and values, the frame of mind and outlook on life characteristic of the reformers, innovators, and abstract thinkers of nineteenth-century New England.

If the epithet *Damyank* is going to be used today, it should be reserved for spiritual descendants of New England's meddlesome reformers--Yankees of spirit, someone has called them. Certainly Donald Davidson, who spent many pleasant summers in Vermont, did not have a Damyank in mind when he penned that admirable portrait of Vermont yeomanry, "Cousin Roderic," in "Still Rebels, Still Yankees." Davidson distinguished between various kinds of Yankees, and so did Flannery O'Connor. She was friends with a number of Northerners and New Englanders: the ones she didn't like were Damyanks, Yankees of spirit, the spiritual offspring of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

As far as I know, O'Connor did not use the word Yankee as a devil term, but she did have a few disparaging things to say about Transcendentalism, Emerson (the chief American Transcendentalist), Northern readers, New York City, and New York City critics. In her essays (*Mystery and Manners,* edited by Sally and Robert Fitzgerald) and letters (*The Habit of Being,* edited by Sally Fitzgerald), O'Connor set her face against the modern or the popular spirit, occasionally noting with approval the South's traditional opposition to modernity and the mainstream culture. To a large extent the verv aspects of modernity which O'Connor found pernicious and deficient are major features of the Yankee-of-spirit mind: a belief in the Progress of Society and the Perfectibility of Man; a penchant for innovations, theories, and abstractions; and a narrow, provincial, insular vision.

O'Connor was keenly aware of manifestations of Yankee Provincialism, and she did not always have to look northward to find them, whether the imported or the home-grown variety. In her "Georgia Scenes" she depicted Southerners afflicted with both perennial and modern religious and intellectual disorders. She did not have to go to California, New York City or any other place to find freaks and sinners. She knew that modern vices, not to mention ancient ones, easily took root in Southern hearts and minds.

O'Connor traced most Yankee corruptions of faith and intellect back to the Enlightenment, that heady phenomenon which encouraged men to substitute for a religion based on revelation and tradition one based on man's reasoning and his ability to master nature. She observed in "Some Aspects of the Grotesque in Southern Fiction."

> *Since the eighteenth century, the popular spirit of each succeeding age has tended more and more to the view that the ills and mysteries of life will eventually fall before the scientific advances of man, a belief that is still going strong even though this is the first generation to face total extinction because of these advances.*

O'Connor was not willing to measure the health of the country by a material yardstick. She said that the writer interested in spiritual concerns would likely "take the darkest view of all of what he sees in this country today. For him, the fact that we are the most powerful and wealthiest nation in the world doesn't mean a thing in a positive sense."

In "The Fiction Writer and His Country," O'Connor responded to those readers, critics, and editorial writers who sought "uplift" from their reading, who complained about the grotesqueness of Southern fiction, and who demanded from fiction writers a joyful vision of American life. Critical of materialistic yardsticks and progressive assumptions, she saw "some ugly correlation between our unparalleled prosperity and the stridency of these demands for a literature that shows us the joy of life." She asks whether "these screams for joy would be quite so piercing if joy were really more abundant in our prosperity." In "The Teaching of Literature," O'Connor explained why freaks made modern readers uncomfortable: "It is only in these centuries when we are afflicted with the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature by its own efforts that the vision of the freak in fiction is so disturbing. The freak in modern fiction is usually disturbing to us because he keeps us from forgetting that we share in his state."

Southerners see and assimilate the freak more readily than the typical Yankee does. "To be able to recognize a freak," noted O'Connor in "The Grotes-

O'Connor did not have to go to California, New York City or any other place to find freaks and sinners. She knew that modern vices, not to mention ancient ones, easily took root in Southern hearts and minds.

que in Southern Fiction," "you have to have some conception of the whole man, and in the South the general conception of man is still, in the main, theological." If we readily recognize the freak, who might be a prophet, a nihilist, or a humanist, we will sense him "as a figure for our essential displacement."

O'Connor, who once described a collection of her short fiction as "nine stories about original sin," reminds us that we are all children of Adam, not of that ideal man imagined by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists. Because the Enlightenment has had a slow dawning in the South, the Southerner still claims his patrimony. In a letter to Cecil Dawkins, O'Connor juxtaposed the Southern vision of man in society with that of the enlightened or modern Liberal:

> *The notion of the perfectibility of man came about at the time of the Enlightenment in the 18th century. This is what the South has traditionally opposed...The South...still believes that man has fallen and that he is perfectible by God's grace, not by his own unaided efforts. The Liberal approach is that man has never fallen, never incurred guilt, and is ultimately perfectible by his own efforts. Therefore, evil in this light is a problem of better housing, sanitation, health, etc. and all the mysteries will eventually be cleared up. Judgment is out of place because man is not responsible. Of course there are degrees of adherence to this, all sorts of mixtures, but it is the direction the modern heads toward.*

Hawthorne, one of O'Connor's favorite authors, a man with whom she had much affinity, wrote "The Birthmark," an anti-modernist story about the misguided and unsuccessful attempts of the scientist/magician Alymer to create a perfect humanity. Referring to this story, O'Connor lamented that "the Alymers whom Hawthorne saw as a menace have multiplied. Busy cutting down human imperfection, they are making headway on the raw material of good." These Alymers (O'Connor cast this creature as Rayber in *The Violent Bear It Away* and as Sheppard in "The Lame Shall Enter First") make all of the wrong assumptions about means and ends, and their vision is decidedly narrowed by false philosophies.

O'Connor had a good deal of contact with literary and scholarly persons, sometimes too much, she seems to suggest in her letters. She wrote to a friend that most of the members of a certain literary gathering lived "in a world God never made." They loved obfuscation and obscurantism and looked at the reading and writing of literature through the foggy spectacles of literary abstractions. O'Connor's imagination suggested a fitting punishment for two overly abstract and psychological (after the manner of Freud) participants at a writer's workshop: "I can see [them] chained together by mutual hate on one of the less important circles of the inferno, eternally arguing if church steeples are phallic symbols." "As to Sigmund," she said in a letter to another friend, "I am against him tooth and toenail but I am crafty....Within his limitations I am ready to admit certain uses for him." She admonished a friend inured to Freudian literary criticism: "My Lord, Billy, recover your simplicity. You ain't in Manhattan." Perhaps it is significant of O'Connor's assessment of the importance of Freudianism that she places Freudians in one of the less important circles of hell.

One of her sternest letters was to a professor of English who, under the influence of a fantastic theory, completely misinterpreted "A Good Man is Hard to Find." O'Connor wrote to him: "If teachers are in the habit of approaching a story as if it were a research problem for which any answer is believeable as long as it is not obvious, then I think students will never learn to enjoy fiction. Too much interpretation is certainly worse than too little, and where feeling for a story is absent, theory will not supply it." Not wishing to leave too harsh an impression on the theory-befuddled professor, O'Connor closed her letter with this explanation: "My tone is not meant to be obnoxious. I am in a state of shock."

From reading literary criticism of her own work and from answering questions about her stories, O'Connor knew that Occam's razor had been neglected by many of her interpreters. Obsessed with fantastic theories, fond of complexity and abstractions, communing only with other intellectual provincials, many academics were poor readers of her work. Their farfetched, complex Freudian and sociological interpretations were only in the vaguest of ways related to her stories. Some looked for and found meanings that weren't there, as the following dialogue illustrates:

> *"Miss O'Connor," inquired a symbol-searching Vanderbilt student, "why was the Misfit's hat black?"*
>
> *"Well," O'Connor answered, "he stole it from a countryman and in Georgia they usually wear black hats."*
>
> *A few minutes later the same student asked, "Miss O'Connor, what is the significance of the Misfit's hat?"*
>
> *Seldom at a loss for words, O'Connor replied, "To cover his head."*

There were other types of readers constitutionally unable to appreciate her fiction: Northern readers and New York City critics. O'Connor wrote in "The Grotesque in Southern Fiction": "I have found that anything that comes out of the South is going to be

called grotesque by the Northern reader, unless it is grotesque, in which case it is going to be called realistic." Of New York City critics she said (in "The Regional Writer"), "For no matter how favorable all the critics in New York City may be, they are an unreliable lot, as incapable now as on the day they were born of interpreting Southern literature to the world." Yankee Provincialism, that Enlightenment inspired, tradition-abolishing, abstraction-loving limitation of vision, kept some readers and critics from liking O'Connor's work. Indeed, she said in one of her letters to Maryat Lee, "I would have been a little uneasy had *Time* liked" *The Violent Bear It Away.*

The folly of applying imaginary abstractions and novel theories to religion was also apparent to O'Connor. She told Sally and Robert Fitzgerald that a Symposium on Religion and Art at Sweet Briar College (at which she was a participating lecturer) had given her "a stomach full of liberal religion." What was so bad about the Symposium? O'Connor didn't know what one of the lecturers "meant to say but he left the impression that religion was good because it was art and magic. Nothing behind it but it's good for you." Revealing some of the wit her letters are famous for, she continued: "Then they had the Dean of Theological School at Drew. He was a Methodist-Universalist. I gather this means you don't drink but about theology you are as vague as possible and talk about how the symbology has played out in Christianity and how it's up to artists to make up a new symbology." At gatherings such as this, she wryly observed, "You are considered great in direct proportion to how often you can repeat the word symbology." Never wishy-washy in her discussions of religion, O'Connor told the Sweet Briar audience "that when Emerson decided in 1832 that he could no longer celebrate the Lord's Supper unless the bread and wine were removed..., an important step in the vaporization of religion in America had taken place."

"The Theories are worse than the Furies," O'Connor told one of her friends. Perhaps she refers to the diseased intellectual preoccupations of academia.

A Southerner and a Catholic, Flannery O'Connor viewed the world "from the standpoint of Christian orthodoxy." She insisted that this standpoint enlarged her vision, enabled her and others of like faith to see beneath the surface of things, to see things in the light of eternity. The Southerner, if he has not traded his older eyes for those sold in Yankeeland and the universities, enjoys the same expanding and penetrating vision. He recognizes the freak and senses in the freak his own fallen, disordered self. His sight is not obscured by theory, abstraction, and new symbology; it is enriched by stories, a peculiar history, and the Bible. "What has given the South her identity," O'Connor observed in "The Catholic Novelist in the Protestant South," "are those beliefs and qualities which she has absorbed from the Scriptures and from her own history of defeat and violation: a distrust of the abstract, a sense of human dependence on the grace of God, and a knowledge that evil is not simply a problem to be solved, but a mystery to be endured."

Like the Nashville Agrarians, O'Connor did not want to see the South capitulate to modernity or slide into the cultural currents of the mainstream. Her anguish, as theirs, was "caused not by the fact that the South is alienated from the rest of the country, but by the fact that it is not alienated enough, that every day we are getting more and more like the rest of the country, that we are being forced out not only of our many sins, but of our few virtues." She said it was difficult to "reconcile the South's instinct to preserve her identity with her equal instinct to fall eager victim to every poisonous breath from Hollywood or Madison Avenue." O'Connor left no doubt as to which instinct she thought Southerners should follow and cultivate.

Flannery O'Connor, who once described a collection of her short fiction as "nine stories about original sin," reminds us that we are all children of Adam, not of that ideal man imagined by Voltaire and the Encyclopedists.

She was a prophet, notes Marion Montgomery, recalling "us to know but forgotten truths, to the necessity of our casting backward in our thought to some point where thought went astray." In O'Connor's analysis, that point is the Enlightenment, which established the epistemological foundations (shifty though they be) of modern and Yankee Provincialism. Corruptions and restrictions of vision, knowledge, and understanding, once primarily a Northern affliction, now darken the light all over the land. The assumptions, doctrines, and methods of the Yankee Provincial are taught in our schools, universities, and seminaries and are illustrated in radio, television, and the daily and periodical press. No matter where O'Connor encountered this modern devil, whether in Hollywood, New York City, Sweet Briar College, or Atlanta, she was quick to name him so that he might be exorcised. A thoughtful reading of her essays and letters, not to mention her fiction, will do much to remove the blinders of Yankee Provincialism from our eyes. ☆

Michael Jordan, a teacher of fame and merit, is now engaged in doctoral studies at the University of Georgia.

THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

● *THE LONG SURRENDER, by Burke Davis (319 pp. Random House. $19.95.)* One of the few neglected subjects in the historiography of the War Between the States is the flight of President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet following the collapse of the Confederacy in 1865. As Richmond was encircled by Union forces and the capital's fate was inevitable, Davis and an entourage of Confederate officials withdrew from the city--at first to reestablish a base from which to continue the fighting. The strategic retreat eventually became a flight for life. Some high-ranking cabinet members--Judah P. Benjamin and John Breckinridge--managed to elude capture and fled the country. President Davis and his party, however, were captured by Union forces near Irwinville, Georgia a month after Lee's surrender.

Until now the main source for information about this chapter of the war was Alfred J. Hanna's *Flight into Oblivion,* which was published in limited numbers in 1938. Now war expert Burke Davis has turned his attention to the story and the result is typically Davis: a popular history rendered in colorful prose and skillful style. A host of remarkable characters are depicted in this new work: British artist Frank Vizetelly, who sketched the final days of the Confederacy; General Jo Shelby, who took his Confederate troops into Mexico rather than surrender; Nelson A. Miles, the Federal officer who served as jail-keeper for the imprisoned Davis; and Davis' wife Varina, who wound up living in New York City, writing articles for a Yankee newspaper. Burke Davis has produced what may be his most important book. *The Long Surrender* may be the best War book of 1985.

● *CIVIL WAR COLLECTORS ENCYCLOPEDIA VOL. IV, by Francis A. Lord (218 pp. Lord Americana & Research, 1521 Redwood Dr., W. Columbia, SC 29169)* is the latest work from the man who probably knows more about artifacts of The War Between The States than anyone else in the world. Frank Lord has spent more than half a century acquiring, cataloging, and preserving weapons and equipment. He is the author of many books about the war, including the premier work on artifacts; Volume I of *The Civil War Collector's Encyclopedia.* Since the publication of that classic study in the early sixties, it has become the primary reference work for collectors, relic hunters, and artifact dealers. Lord has produced three more volumes on artifacts since the original volume, including this recent addition. From accourterment plates to writing equipment, this volume offers a variety of selected relics of the period and is a useful supplement to Lord's earlier works.

● *A WOMAN DOCTOR'S CIVIL WAR, edited by Gerald Schwartz (325 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $17.95)* offers a rare view of the war from the perspective of Dr. Ester Hill Hawks, a female physician, Unionist, and abolitionist, who treated the U.S. Colored Troops stationed along the South Carolina coast. Hawks' had strong opinions about the war and other issues ("Glory to God! Charleston has fallen!" she wrote in March of 1865), but despite her anti-Confederate attitudes, she loved the South. Her diary exposes a well-educated and careful observer--and it reveals much of what life was like for the black soldiers of the North who were given the chore of battling South Carolina's Confederates.

● *TENTING TONIGHT, by James I. Robertson, Jr. (179 pp. Time-Life Books. $12.95)* depicts the daily life and duties of Union and Confederate soldiers from enlistment to the horrors of prison camp. The author, James I. Robertson, is C.P. Miles Professor of History at V.P.I. and is the author of numerous books on the War Between the States, including the highly regarded *Stonewall Brigade.* Among the best of the popular Time-Life series on the Civil War, *Tenting Tonight* is organized in the colorful, popular style of the series but is carried by Robertson's graceful narration. Among the highlights of this new release; an extensive collection of color photographs of wartime accessories and accouterments familiar to the men who waged the war, including a remarkable section on artifacts made by prisoners of war.

● *IN CAMP AND BATTLE WITH THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF NEW ORLEANS, by William Miller Owen (467 pp. Butternut Press. $32.50)* was originally printed in 1885, and is now handsomely reprinted by Butternut Press of Gaithersburg, Maryland. One of the most famous of the South's artillery regiments, The Washington Artillery bore all the wear and wounds of war with the Army of Northern Virginia, while one company of the regiment supported the Army of the Tennessee from Shiloh to Nashville. Among the best of many memorable anecdotes in this classical work is the tale of how a Union officer slept on a couch in a Virginia home, not suspecting that his head lay on a pillow in which one of the regiment's battleflags was hidden. Douglas Southall Freeman apparently considered this book among his favorites. Butternut Press should be commended for preserving it.

Confederate Veterans of Gettysburg.

BOOKNOTES

The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook

Introduction by Darlene Roth. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1984.

If it is true, as it has been predicted, that at some far future time humankind will take its sustenance in the form of a daily nutrient-packed pill, social scientists may one day delve into our cookbooks to learn what we of the past chose to eat and how we prepared what we consumed. Today, as our palates become ever more sophisticated, publishers keep us well-supplied with cookbooks devoted to every imaginable specialty cuisine. An even more ample legacy for the future researcher, however, will be the ubiquitous club women's cookbooks.

These mainstays of Junior Leagues, PTA's, scout troops, sororities, historical societies, garden clubs, symphony guilds, humane societies, and other worthy organizations--civic, secular, clerical, and political--probably reflect more accurately typical contemporary American eating habits than the slick volumes produced by master chefs. In spite of their current popularity, however, club women's cookbooks are not a new phenomenon. They were published in this country as early as 1861, and one was sold in Philadelphia in 1864 to raise funds for Union wounded. A chronologically arranged sampling of cookbooks from the 1860's to the 1980's would reveal to our anthropologist of the future many changes in culinary fashions and methodology over the years. We have come a long way from "scratch" foods prepared in woodstoves to chemical-laden foods prepared in microwave ovens.

One change that would be reflected is that we are accustomed to having available to us exotic foodstuffs from many far-flung nations rather than locally produced items only. Edible cacti and delicate, bizaarely shaped fungi sit next to turnip greens and cucumbers in the produce section of many markets. Another change is that we are people accustomed to bounty, and consequently we are often wasteful. In her *Century Cook Book,* published in 1895, Mary Ronald admonishes her reader that there is "not a crumb of bread, a grain of sugar, a bit of butter, a scrap of meat or fat, a piece of vegetable or leaf of salad, but can be utilized with profit." (She also refers to leg of veal costing ten cents per pound, apples at a penny each, and turkey for sixteen cents a pound.) We no longer make daily trips to the butcher and the greengrocer for provisons for our day's meals. Our foodstuffs are often already washed, trimmed, cooked, and neatly packaged. We can prepare a meal of several courses without having touched a piece of meat, a vegetable, or a fruit in its natural state.

A major change, too, is that we love to eat out often, a practice that in 1875 made the venerable cookbook author Marion Harland declare, "I soon tire, then sicken of restaurants and hotel dainties. I like the genuine wholesomeness of home-fare." Wholesomeness? Even though many health-conscious Americans are turning away from pre-packaged, over-processed foods and are returning to whole "natural" foods, most club women's cookbooks will nonetheless always contain many dozens of recipes calling for cans of cream soup, jars of rubbery processed "cheese food," boxes of sugar-laden artificial fruit-flavored gelatin, and cartons of fluffy, white, simulated whipped cream. This is a disquieting thought to anyone who agrees with Brillat-Savarin that a nation's destiny depends on what its people eat.

The University of Georgia Press has just published a facsimile edition of an 1895 recipe collection, *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook.* Compiled and issued by the Board of Women Managers, the original cookbooks were sold as souvenirs of the Atlanta Cotton States and International Exposition which ran from September through December 1895 and drew almost a million visitors.

Historian Darlene Roth, who wrote the introduction to the new edition, points out that the Board of Women Managers was composed of forty of Atlanta's most prominent women, the wives of socially elite business, political, and civic leaders. This fact explains two things about the recipes in the book: they are not for humble fare, but for refined dishes appropriate for sophisticated entertaining (Parisian Stuffed Mushrooms, Champagne Sauce, Neapolitan Mousse); and directions for preparation are often vague or missing altogether. These prominent women no doubt commanded kitchen staffs, so their familiarity with culinary techniques may have varied from considerable to non-existent. This was a time when domestic help could be had inexpensively. Mary Ronald boasts in the preface to her cookbook, published in the same year as *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook,* that she has given such explicit and precise directions with each recipe that "no supervision by the mistress will be required for any receipt given the cook."

The very titles of recipes in *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook* suggest a way of life that has changed greatly in eighty-nine years: Five O'Clock Tea Cakes and Tea Sandwiches, Gumbo for 3 O'clock Dinner. Some sound quaintly old fashioned, such as Jeff Davis Pudding, 1776 Mince Meat, Blackberry Cordial, Fig Sherbet. There is also an Exposition Pudding.

Many of the foodstuffs used by these women or their cooks no longer find their way onto our tables today: Diamond Back Terrapin, lamb's head, pigeons. Recipes for brain patties, tongue croquettes, baked calf's head, and bone marrow fritters are reminders of what choice parts of beef, lamb, and pork we are accustomed to limiting ourselves to.

Many of the recipes contain quantities of eggs, butter, and cream that we, so conscious of calories and cholesterol, recoil at. And with our fondness for vegetables cooked to the "tender-crisp" stage, we shake our heads at the cooking time recommended for vegetables: string beans, three hours; squash, one hour: beets, four hours. Of course, anyone who has grown up in the South has had a family member who cooked her vegetables just this way and with plenty of fatback, too, and knows how wonderful they tasted.

Some of the recipes will strike the modern cook as just plain odd. A recipe for Thanksgiving turkey instructs the reader to stuff a turkey with whole tomatoes and balls of dressing. There is also a recipe for oysters pickled in apple vinegar and cloves, and a recipe for Mock Olives, which are unripe plums pickled in brine and spices.

Southern women have long been famous for their hot breads, and there are plenty of bread recipes in *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook.* However, there is only one recipe for biscuits (and that for the difficult Beaten

Biscuit), unlike Mrs. Dull's classic *Southern Cooking* which contains sixteen recipes for this justly famous bread.

We are not likely to think of alcohol as having played much of a role in the kitchens of these women, and yet there are numerous recipes which call for spirits. Among them is a fruit cake recipe which has a generous two tumblers of brandy in the batter and an additional two tumblers of wine poured over the baked cake to keep it moist. One contributor offers the following advice on wine service at a formal breakfast: "It is better form to serve only 1 wine throughout the breakfast than to serve a different wine with each course."

Cookbooks of the 1800's usually included cures for various maladies, recipes for toiletries and beauty aids, and even instructions for concocting various household necessities such as ink, stove black, and home cleaning agents. *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook* was no exception. There are remedies for coughs, croup, indigestion, and a seasickness preventive. One recipe is simply called Restorative Jelly. There is a formula for baking powder, and a doctor's wife offered her directions for making cold cream. Like their contemporary sisters who put together club cookbooks and are unable to resist these saccharin offerings, the Atlanta ladies also included "recipes" for a happy home and for cheerfulness.

If a cookbook can be a kind of history book, and it can, then perhaps the club women's cookbook offers the truest expression of the tastes of a time. Contributors offer their best recipes for family favorites, recipes for dishes they have successfully served to guests, and sometimes recipes for their own original concoctions. They offer these to the reader along with comments about ease of preparation, keeping properties, and other personal and homey remarks, including the inevitable "men love this." *The Atlanta Exposition Cookbook* offers the reader a culinary and historical glimpse of a particular class in a bygone time. The recipes, the contributors' photographs, and the introductory remarks by historian Darlene Roth are a pleasure. Old recipes may be, in Marion Harland's words of 1875, "like the footprint of a fellow-traveler along the humble but honorable pathway of every-day and practical life...."

Linda Tucker

How Far She Went

Stories by Mary Hood. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1984.

● Though *How Far She Went* is Mary Hood's first collection of stories, it's not surprising that it was chosen as the winner of the University of Georgia Press' Flannery O'Connor Award for 1984. The woman is a natural. The people who had to compete against her picked the wrong year to enter. With language as clear and clean as a Georgia mountain lake, she plunges to depths of feeling that take your breath away. Though set in rural north Georgia and flavored with bluegrass music and baying coon dogs, these stories remind you that when it comes to the heart's truth, there ain't no simple folk.

The title story concerns the inevitable antagonism between a hardbitten country woman, "old at fifty," and the sullen teenaged granddaughter who has come to live with her. The girl's too-tight cut-offs and "Every Inch a Woman" t-shirt flaunt her rebellious attitude; her grandmother's stinging handprint on her cheek is her call to battle. But the old woman and the young must join forces when two beer-guzzling, pistol-packing bikers--who have been led on by the girl--turn suddenly vicious, their intentions the worst. The woman and girl escape, but we cannot expect their truce to last. The girl is too young, will soon forget what her grandmother sacrificed; the grandmother, too old, will not forgive.

Happiness is not a major theme here. "Inexorable Progress" (selected for inclusion in *Best American Short Stories 1984* is about a middle-aged woman with husband and daughter who tries hard, but fails, to find that something that will fill her emptiness and then tries hard, but fails, to kill herself. "Doing This, Saying That, to Applause," though a much different story, is also about suicide, this time successful. In "Manly Conclusions" Valjean fears the worst when the family dog is wantonly shot dead, presumably by "goddamn weekenders." But it is not her husband, with his "tree-topping temper," who has set out for vengeance. Rather it's the boy, son of the farmer and now old enough to draw his own manly conclusions, who has slipped away with the gun.

My own preference, though, is for the stories where the pain is less overt, the violence quieter. In "Lonesome Road Blues" a young woman has come to a country music festival to see Edmun [sic] Lovingood pick his banjo. He's a genius, the woman knows; life on the road is killing him, she thinks. She finds him after his afternoon show, takes him home, lets him shower and sleep, gives him a hot homecooked meal, a big bottle of bourbon. This was all she wanted, to serve him. Or was it? After the evening show, she sees him on the payphone and presses through the crowd to make contact again. She gets close enough to see that he is holding a note thrust upon him by a fan during the show, close enough to overhear: "Hell, honey, I don't have to be in Texas for three days."

"Solomon's Seal" is about forty years of marriage, and forty years of silence. No, that's wrong. The woman talks to her plants, the man to his dogs. Sometimes they ride to field trials together, both talking, neither listening, neither hearing, "the one thing they were each listening their whole life for." Only after the divorce does the woman open her hope chest for the first time. She breaks a plate by accident, and when the tears don't come, she breaks the others one by one and puts them back. The hand-sewn coverlet she keeps out--"it would do to spread over her tomato plants."

Finally, a word of apology. A quotation here, a bit of plot summary there probably do these stories more harm than good. The writer's eye and voice are what make stories as fine as these, and the book reviewer is hard pressed to see it and tell it like it really is. I hope you'll read this book for yourself.

-John Yow

Who Owns America?
A New Declaration of Independence

Ed. Herbert Agar and Allen Tate. Repr. ed. Lanham, Maryland: University Press of America, 1983.

● When the Nashville Agrarians published what has come to be called the Agrarian Manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand,* they met with widespread criticism and an equally widespread misrepresentation. It became immediately apparent to the original twelve that they would have to be their own interpreters, so in 1936 many of them jumped into the breach again with what they proclaimed a "New Declaration of Independence." This document, *Who Owns America?,* recently re-published by University Press of America, is a lucid extrapolation of and, at times, a direct address to the critics of the original 1930 Agrarian Manifesto.

The twenty-one essays in this book

--eight by members of the original Vanderbilt group and the balance by such longtime fellow-travelers as Cleanth Brooks and the British Distributist Hillaire Belloc--are divided into four more or less discrete parts. The first section deals with the modern mechanized system of production and the flaws inherent to that system; the second section ranges about the question of foreign trade and world markets. Only the third and shortest section deals with the distinctly Agrarian issue of the small family farm--and this section is infiltrated by Robert Penn Warren's marvelous essay on "Literature As a Symptom." Finally, Part Four provides the theological and philosophical underpinnings for the essays that precede it. All in all, this book is the most complete statement of the Agrarians' ideas to come from the pens of those prolific and lucid writers.

The title *Who Owns America?* and something of a controlling idea for most of the twenty-one essays in this volume is explained by one of the book's editors, Herbert Agar, in the introduction:

> *Our common ground is a belief that monopoly capitalism is evil and self destructive, and that it is possible, while preserving private ownership, to build a true democracy in which men would be better off both morally and physically, more likely to attain that inner peace which is the mark of a good life. (ix)*

One need go no farther into *Who Owns America?* than this passage to discover why the ideas of the Agrarians are often scorned. Such a call for "inner peace," "true democracy," and a world where one could "be better off morally" must surely have sounded alarms to those who, armed with an Enlightenment heritage and the new Keynesian theories, sought to make the marketplace a field of amoral warfare.

But the Agrarians were not Utopians, and it is their down-to-earth realism--also shown in the passage quoted above--that has caused their ideas to endure. The importance of the Agrarians is their understanding that it is necessary to satisfy the human spirit rather than simply mollify the human machine. Their introduction of religion into the economic discussion (an introduction Cleanth Brooks would say fifty years later was not made forcefully enough) causes us to take notice of moral questions that had been shut out by "monopolistic capitalists" for 200 years. The Agrarians allow that work should lead not merely to financial success but to dignity and peace of mind. Labor, they say, has more meaning when performed within the realm of one's vocation. And a vocation is not merely a function performed; it is the accomplishment of a task suited to a person's talents and gifts. A vocation gives the individual a purpose, not just a job. Profit in the modern sense is not totally rejected by the Agrarians, but it is measured in several ways, and it is not the final moral arbiter.

The exploration of ideas relating to work does indeed constitute a "New Declaration of Independence" in an age when the welfare state threatens to strip the populace of all possibilities for dignity in the workplace by causing work itself to go out of fashion. It is therefore easy to see why University Press has decided to re-release this important book. It is also easy to see that the writers of *Who Owns America?* were not anachronists, as sometimes charged, but they were--and are--prophets.

-Warren Smith

PARTISAN DICTIONARY

Union - A combination of separate identities. The United States is either a Union or a nation. It cannot be both.

Superstition - The other guy's religion.

Racist - One who has contempt for all races except his own. A modernist drops this distinction.

Morality - That which no one has a moral right to dictate.

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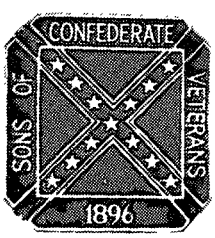

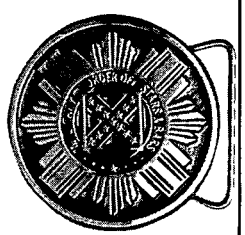

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JOHN HURLEY

The Lost Lamented Latane

The Confederate Memorial Hall, official embassy of the Southern States in Washington, D.C., has recently received a particularly symbolic gift from the heirs of Dr. Caleb N. Athey of Leesburg, Virginia and Baltimore, Maryland. The magnificent steel engraving from the original oil by William D. Washington entitled "The Burial of Latane" depicts a graveside of the burial of Captain William Latane, one of J.E.B. Stout's bravest and most noted scouts. Latane, still in his twenties, was a physician by training and a member of the Essex Light Dragons under Colonel W.F.H. Lee in the overall command of the "Last Cavalier," General J.E.B. Stuart.

The circumstances of Latane's death are historically significant but are surpassed in importance by those of his burial—which are of sacramental significance. Latane was among the few casualties sustained by General Stuart in his daring first ride around the union army in July, 1862. He was shot to death on Friday the 13th by a Union officer in a saber skirmish near Taylorsville, Virginia, northeast of present day Ashland Virginia.

Here is an account taken from the official report of the Pamunkey Expedition by General J.E.B. Stuart, C.S.A.:

"The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latane, maker, a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not until the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to this native soil with his blood."

Captain Latane's body was carried to a nearby plantation by his younger brother, Lieutenant John Latane. On his sad errand, the young Lieutenant was taken prisoner by a party of Yankees who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate, the mistress of the plantation.

According to an eyewitness account written in a private letter, "Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass...Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white flowers, and a few faithful slaves who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service [Book of Common Prayer] over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate Army."

This gift represents to the Confederate Hall one of the greatest examples of Southern war art and truest testaments to the bravery of her sons and loyalty and Christian patriotism of her daughters.

As the noted 19th century Virginia poet John R. Thompson wrote in his majestic poem "The Burial of Latane."

"And when Virginia,
leaning on her spear,
Victrix etvidua, the
conflict done,
Shall raise her mailed hand
to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls
each martyred son,
No prouder memory her
breast shall sway,
Than thine, our early-lost
lamented Latane."

The A.G. Campbell engraving of *The Burial of Latane* now on display at Confederate Memorial Hall

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

Good Taste Doesn't Sell

PART II

Bad American taste. That's what we were leading to in Part I of this reflection: gumchewing middleclass American taste, which is by definition the pits; though I wish it to be understood that equally the scion of a ducal line or the great-grandson of a railroad baron is as subject to the affliction of lower Slobbovian middleyuk American taste as the next person. Taste is a function neither of old wealth nor of old blood. A Blossom City, Alabama mobile "home" mogul who made his pile yesterday may be blessed with infallible taste. The vast majority of Americans, however, are patently devoid of it.

Good glory, if I see one more otherwise respectable adult male prancing around at a cocktail party in scarlet slacks stitched all over with flying mallards I shall be violently shrill. A Minnesotan of my acquaintance succinctly dubs this mania for waterfowl "Art Ducko." Anything that will support the head of a duck gets it: tongs, doorknockers, mailbox flags, bottle openers, car hoods, ties, tie tacks, walking sticks, swizzlesticks, fiddlesticks, ice picks, outdoor faucet heads, indoor potheads... Surgical instruments and caskets have so far been spared, to my knowledge. But there are wall-to-wall prints in dentists' and doctors' offices, in banks, in the bowels of the United States Treasury, in the mansions of state governors, in San Francisco's massage parlors, in Manhattan pent*maisons-a-terre*, and in postbellum adhokums of antebellum houses all over the Mississippi Delta and South Carolina's low country of...ducks: big and small, diver and puddle, in pairs or in rafts, dropping through tupelo and cypress, or riding the briny green waters of Chesapeake Bay, most in horrendous primary pigments and detailed to the last quill on an outswept wing.

Still, the duck-nuts may be pitied. They are in the main ardent sportsmen who dream almost nightly of flying fowl. Too bad they dream in technicolor. What is inexcusable is the mania that has consumed Americans over the past fifteen years for "collectibles." This is one of the great rackets: thimbles, comic books, postcards, scissors, tea cups, paperweights, fake decoys (any block of a duck that is not intended for the water is a fake), chess sets, spoons, belt buckles, and endless editions of avian or animal figurines in bisque, porcelain, pewter, onyx, soapstone, jade, serpentine...you name it (the Franklin Mint has probably floated an issue on it. A "limited" issue). Winchester is even manufacturing a (so the hype states) "masterfully crafted duplication of the historically famous" *Parker* shotgun. What will be foisted on us next? *Genuine* Bowie fighting knives by Randall, *authentic* Bic disposable razors by Gillette? (Come to think of it, we already have that one.)

Although avidity is the vice that is being pandered to, collecting becomes autotelic. Things that are truly "collectible"---rare antique furniture, paintings by recognized masters, and even some geegaws, for instance the marvelous jeweled eggs fashioned by Faberge for the Russian czars---are (1) sanctified by the test of time, a century at the least, (2) beyond the means of the average hausfrau on Lillian Vernon's mailing list. So greedy merchants invent their instant "collectibles," targeting the $25 (a Chelsea box) to $250 market (bronze paste "sculptures" of game animals), with a few prizes in the $1,000 to $2,500 range (fancy grade shotguns, sterling silver Eskimos spearing gilt salmon through Steuben ice flows). Franklin Mint is an egregious offender; but the very worst are the touters and manufacturers of "collectible" plates.

They begin with the godawful Hummel Christmas plates, depicting saccharine images of the Virgin and Child. They continue through drippingly sentimental commemorations of Mother's Day and a tender series on Father's Love by Knowles. There are apparently no limits to kitsch. There are cunning Mother Goose Tales (by Reco) and the Morals of Perrault (by Limoges-Purgot), the latest offering of which features the cutest Little Red Riding Hood you ever wished the wolf would. Have. Had. I imagine housewives in ratty floral housecoats and pink curlers drooling over these abominations while they sip sweet milk coffee out of (collectors') mugs with an open *Southern Living* in their laps and Phil Donahue in the background, presiding over their prurience. I liked Norman Rockwell on the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post* well enough. I do not want Norman Rockwell under my mashed potatoes; *not* that the plates are intended to be *eaten* off, heaven forbid, one characteristic of the "collectible" being its deprivation of function. You do not eat off the plates, chuck the decoys into the water, shoot the precious guns, turn the pages of the leather-bound books. You do not even uncase what you buy, if you care about the resale value. Value! What a word to use in this connection.

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